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WITH COLOURED PORTRAIT: **SIXPENCE.**
LORD ROBERTS



AFTER HER TRIAL BY FIRE: H.M.S. "BELLEISLE" TOWED INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS, PORTSMOUTH.

After the experiment, the "Belleisle" was towed into dock to be thoroughly examined by the gunnery experts.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The end of the war is not yet; but it is near enough to serve as a touchstone to the Boer character, which once aroused such lyrical enthusiasm among the ill-informed. Since Lord Roberts crossed the Transvaal border, the conduct of Mr. Kruger's burghers has filled their admirers with chagrin. An eye-witness at Pretoria, who has championed the Boer cause from the outset, tells us that one out of three burghers is a fighting-man, and the "other two skulk in the laager." He might have added that all three are far less inspired by the passion for independence than by the passion for loot. Yves Guyot has compared the Boers to the Bedouins, who are skillful horsemen and born thieves; but the Bedouin never skulks in the laager, and when he fights it is not with that tenacity in sticking to cover which is the fatal weakness of Mr. Kruger's fighting-man. The courage of the Transvaal Boer was highest in Natal, where he could loot homesteads and adorn the wreck he left behind him with traces of his primitive habits. But take away from him the stimulus of plunder, and he becomes dispirited. In his own country there is little he can steal; it is freedom he must fight for, not furniture. Hence the rather sorry figure he has cut in the field since the invader crossed the Vaal.

It is not an agreeable picture for the enthusiasts who endowed the Boer with the single-minded patriotism of Arnold von Winkelried. A Swiss writer, M. Tallchet, of Lausanne, has pointed out to his countrymen that their heroic ancestors, who fought to keep their mountains inviolate, were not made of the Transvaal burgher stuff. The ancient Switzers did not argue that liberty was precious, but that the safety of their own skins was still more to be revered. They were free men, not freebooters. Now, the primitive Boer is a freebooter by nature, and this amiable endowment has been cultivated by Mr. Kruger's political system. There was an instructive scene in Pretoria the other day. Before Mr. Kruger took his leave, he gave permission to the citizens to loot the Government stores which he could not carry away. It was the cheap condescension of a grand old bandit. Mr. Kruger and the faithful Reitz had enriched themselves out of the gold-mines; they could afford to abandon the stores to the people, mere crumbs thrown to Lazarus from the table of Dives. I apologise to Lazarus for the comparison; there is no reason to suppose that he would have looted the treasure-chest of Dives, had chance befriended him. Mr. Dives Reitz has stolen as much bar gold as he could lay hands upon, and shipped it to Germany, together with his interesting family. What a picture for an inspired German pencil! Mrs. Reitz surrounded by cases of bullion, and dropping a patriotic tear into a sympathising ocean, while Mr. Reitz stays behind for a while to chant the battle-cry of freedom! I wonder whether the excellent lady will be met at Hamburg by a deputation of German investors in the Transvaal mines, who will congratulate her on the adroitness of her escape with their property!

Where is the chorus of delighted malice that greeted us in December? Europe has discovered that the British Empire is not in process of dissolution, and the unpalatable truth is hailed with stubborn ill-will in some quarters, and amusing contrition in others. The Continental Press is liable to gusts of that ignorant caprice which hasty cynics suppose to be the exclusive attribute of woman. Woman is rational, calm, a miracle of consistency and foresight, compared to nine-tenths of the gentry who subsist by writing in French and German newspapers. They were born to gesticulate in *brasseries*, where the politics of dumb-show and noise fill the spasmodic intervals between beer and dominoes, and do no great harm to empty heads. But it is the inscrutable purpose of evolution that such people should give shape in print to every crazy whim and frenzied hate, and vex the ghosts of Caxton and Gutenberg into penance for the invention of the printing press.

These diversions have not injured us; nor is there any symptom of the graver danger that sometimes lurks for a nation in a successful war. I read of the "spirit of militarism" that is supposed to have entered into the people of these islands. They have been forced to make a great effort to assert their legitimate supremacy, and to save their South African colonies from impudent aggression: but that is not militarism. They have reason to be discontented with the organisation of their army: such discontent is not the insatiable greed of military adventure. From Canada, Australia, and New Zealand the indomitable offspring of Britain have flocked to smite the aggressor: but that is no Jingo defiance of the universe. True militarism implies a system, social and political, which is foreign to the whole development of our race. In this country we do not sacrifice reason, sense, and decency to a Mumbo-Jumbo miscalled "the honour of the Army." The civil power does not tremble in its shoes lest the military power should seize the helm of State. A civilian is not held to have insulted the majesty of the nation when he avers that a uniform cannot sanctify the person of a forger. We have in our history some considerable achievements by sea and land; but the Sovereign does not perpetually harp upon them in public

speeches, as if they were the only fitting nourishment for immortal souls.

Militarism is not in the blood of a people who are never elated by conquest. Who dreams of writing exultant articles on the addition to the Empire of a territory as large as Central Europe? Observe the distinction between the popular rejoicings over the relief of Mafeking and the reception of the news that Lord Roberts had occupied the Rand. The relief of Mafeking had no military importance; but it stirred every pulse wherever the English tongue is spoken. The safety of the mines was a satisfactory piece of news; but it did not evoke a single cheer. Our amiable critics who believe that we made this war for lust of gold must have expected us to weep tears of unholy joy when the mines were at last in our grasp. Perhaps they will ascribe our surprising calm to the callousness of corrupt hearts. We celebrate the rescue of a little garrison and its brave commander with complete lack of restraint; yet when the sordid object for which we fought is won, we treat it with indifference! Could eccentricity be more exasperating to the *brasserie* mind?

Yes, our calm is fully restored, and even the announcement that the Turner Collection at the National Gallery was within twenty feet of flames moved us not a jot. I thought there would have been an indignation meeting in Trafalgar Square. Royal Academicians might have mounted Landseer's lions, and stirred the blood of Academy students with reproachful eloquence. But not an Academician made any sign. Can it be that, now Ruskin is dead, the Turner Collection makes no appeal to the forty immortals of Burlington House? If there were any danger to the priceless treasures exhibited in that shrine, I suppose the *Times* would not hold the volume of indignant correspondence.

But since it is only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

Is Turner of no more account than Prince "Fred" in the old lampoon? Anyway, there was a fire in a building adjoining the National Gallery, and had the wind been malevolent the Turner pictures might have been destroyed. Still, London is wrapped in unconcern, and no deputation of painters has hunted down the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and demanded of him why the National Gallery should be a prey to such a risk.

I say the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because he is the first official an angry public would think of, if there were any angry public in the case. But he is not to blame for neglecting the small outlay that would isolate the National Gallery, and make it safe from any number of fires in neighbouring houses. The real offender to be caught and admonished is, I presume, the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury. Nobody knows him even by sight. His photograph is not in the shop windows. It would be impossible for Sir Michael Hicks Beach to escape from retribution even in disguise; but the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury might walk through a mob thirsting for his blood, and none would suspect him. Here is a grave oversight in our administration. I hope that when the House of Commons reassembles after the holidays, some intrepid reformer will call upon the Government to furnish a full list of officials in every department of the public service, with photographs, for the purpose of identification, and the punishment of flagrant wrong. Let us have their portraits, so that when there is another alarm of fire near the National Gallery, and the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury chances to be passing, clear-sighted justice may prompt the public to turn its wrath upon the culprit, as in the famous case of the Jackdaw of Rheims—

Regardless of grammar, they all cried, "That's him!"

It is suggested by people who are well versed in constitutional procedure that even the Treasury is not insensible to public opinion. If the Permanent Secretary were dipped in one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and then arrested by constables who had not had leisure to master his newly published photograph, and charged before the nearest magistrate with causing a riot, this might be regarded by him as pressure in the proper quarter. It is often said that grievances of a certain kind cannot be remedied until some prominent citizen has been hanged. I do not recommend hanging: it is an extreme measure, and, besides, it is never done. But dipping in a public fountain in the very presence, so to speak, of his victim, would not be too drastic a penalty for the Permanent Secretary; and it has the additional merit of being feasible. It would appeal to some of us as a function, imperatively demanded by the public interest; it would appeal to a great many as a novel diversion. Schoolboys and costermongers, for instance, would vote for it without a dissentient voice. If the operation could be timed for a Bank Holiday, the popular contentment would be all the greater. I have no doubt that if these observations should meet the eye of the Permanent Secretary, he will see the needs of the National Gallery in a new and entrancing light. But I hope he will postpone his conversion until after the August Bank Holiday, so as not to deprive the London populace of an entertainment they would greatly appreciate.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

LORD ROBERTS'S ENTRY INTO JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

Tuesday, June 5, proved another memorable day in the history of the Boer War. It will stand out as the date on which Pretoria was surrendered—some few days later, it is true, than Lord Rosslyn indicated in his over-confident cablegram on May 30, communicating the intelligence of President Kruger's hasty flight from the capital—and it will be remembered as the occasion of another outburst of rejoicing throughout the Realm at Lord Roberts's succession of victories in the heart of the Transvaal itself, heralding, it is reasonably hoped, the near approach of Peace. The welcome news did not evoke such frantic excitement as the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking did; but from Balmoral Castle, where her Majesty ordered the Union Jack to be run up by the side of the Royal Standard, to Canada, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and to the Metropolis, where patriotic processions of youths waved flags and blew trumpets till past midnight, there was evoked a deep feeling of satisfaction at the occupation of Pretoria.

The fact is that Lord Roberts's rapid advance across the Vaal River demoralised the Boer commandoes which retreated to defend Johannesburg and Pretoria. The enemy was out-maneuvred and sent flying in every direction. It was characteristic of the wonderfully self-contained, considerate, and supremely able Commander-in-Chief that, while he did full justice, and deservedly so, to General Ian Hamilton's splendid work to the west of Johannesburg in support of General French's Cavalry, on May 29, when the Gordons and the City Imperial Volunteers distinguished themselves, Lord Roberts said little of his own bold and skilful exploit in seizing the Transvaal central railway communications to the east of the Golden City on the very same day. Colonel Henry left Klip River with the Eighth Mounted Infantry at daybreak, and took Elandsfontein Junction. He was supported by Generals Pole-Carew and Tucker. The Yorkshire Mounted Infantry and the Australians made a magnificent dash and secured the railway station, where three locomotives and much rolling-stock were seized.

Lord Roberts's peaceful entry into Johannesburg was preceded by a parley. On May 30 the Boer Commandant visited his Lordship at his headquarters in Germiston under a flag of truce, and it was agreed that the occupation of Johannesburg should be delayed for twenty-four hours "to avoid the possibility of anything like disturbance inside the town." On May 31, accordingly, Lord Roberts, with Commandant Krause by his side, rode to the Government Buildings, where the British flag Lady Roberts worked was hoisted, and the heads of departments were requested to continue their duties for the time being. After the march-past of the Eleventh and Seventh Divisions, the Naval Brigade, Heavy Artillery, and two Brigade Divisions of Royal Field Artillery, Lord Roberts did not tarry in Johannesburg, but left the Fourteenth (Wavell's) Brigade to hold the town, and encamped the main body of his troops on the Pretoria road.

The fight for Pretoria took place on Monday, June 4—a "Fourth of June" celebration, which naturally led Eton boys of the present day to remember with due pride the prowess of the great military leader whose name is among the most illustrious in the school-list. Lord Roberts directed the battle in person. Up with the lark, as usual, he and his column started at daybreak, and, after a six miles' march, found the Boers in force on both banks of the Six Miles Spruit. Henry's and Ross's Mounted Infantry, with the West Somerset, Dorset, Bedford, and Sussex companies of Yeomanry, quickly dislodged them from the south bank. Our guns, supported by Stephenson's Brigade of General Pole-Carew's Division, did good service. The crisis of the engagement found Lord Roberts equal to the emergency. To quote his own words, "As, however, they still kept pressing to our left rear, I sent word to Ian Hamilton, who was advancing three miles to our left, to incline towards us, and fill up the gap between the two columns. This finally checked the enemy, who were driven back towards Pretoria."

"The surrender of the town must be unconditional," was Lord Roberts's answer to Commandant-General Botha's messengers, through whom he asked the British leader for an armistice to settle terms. So it came about that on June 5 Pretoria was entered by Lord Roberts and the victorious British troops, gladdest to welcome whom must have been the three or four thousand English prisoners incarcerated near the capital of the Transvaal.

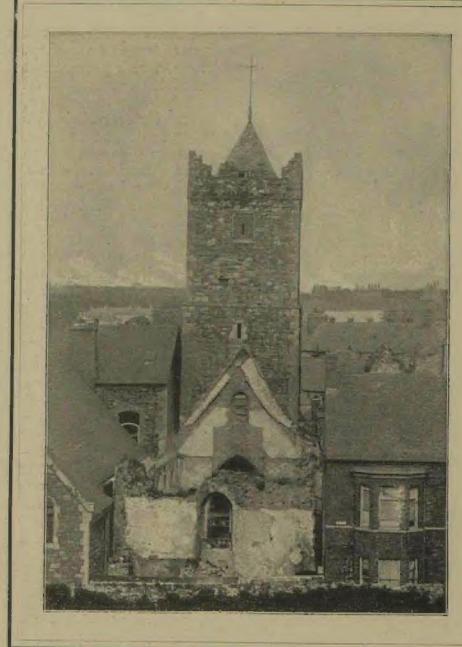
That the fighting strength of the Boers had not entirely broken down was shown by some stiff fighting to Lord Roberts's rear. Sir Henry Colville, for example, was opposed more or less the whole of the way from Ventersburg to Heilbron, which he reoccupied with the Highland Brigade on May 29. His losses were eight rank and file killed, and four officers and thirty-two rank and file wounded. The soldierly behaviour of the troops throughout this trying march was lauded. To turn to the engagements General Rundle had near Senekal, the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards manoeuvred as on parade, though they suffered severely from the veldt fires as well as from the Boer bullets. Colonel Lloyd had the side of his face singed. General Rundle's casualties were thirty killed and a hundred and fifty wounded.

Against the triumphs at Johannesburg and Pretoria must be set the capture of the 13th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry by a very superior force of the enemy on May 31 at Lindley. Lord Methuen was directed to proceed with all speed to the assistance of the battalion, and marched well, but was too late to rescue Sprigge's Yeomanry. He, however, completely routed the enemy.

FROM WATERFORD TO PRETORIA: SCENES OF LORD ROBERTS'S BOYHOOD.

Photographs by A. H. Poole, Waterford.

WHERE LORD AND LADY ROBERTS WERE MARRIED: ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WATERFORD.



THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE ROBERTS FAMILY: THE OLD FRANCISCAN CHAPEL, WATERFORD.

The Franciscan chapel was used in the last century by Huguenots who were expelled from France, one of whose descendants Lord Roberts's great-grandfather married here.

For many generations the family from which Lord Roberts has sprung has been connected with the city of Waterford. The line, according to Burke, begins with Thomas Roberts of that town, who died in November 1775. His son John Roberts, also of Waterford, was an eminent architect. He married Mary Susannah, daughter of Francis Sautelle, a member of a French refugee family settled there. This connection with Huguenot refugees is particularly interesting when we remember that the old Franciscan church, the burying place of the house of Roberts, was formerly the place of worship for the Huguenot refugees of Waterford. The next main link in

the family was the Rev. John Roberts, Rector of Kill St. Nicholas, County Waterford, whose son, Sir Abraham Roberts, was a distinguished Indian commander. Sir Abraham's eldest son by his second wife is Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar, whose portrait forms our Coloured Supplement.



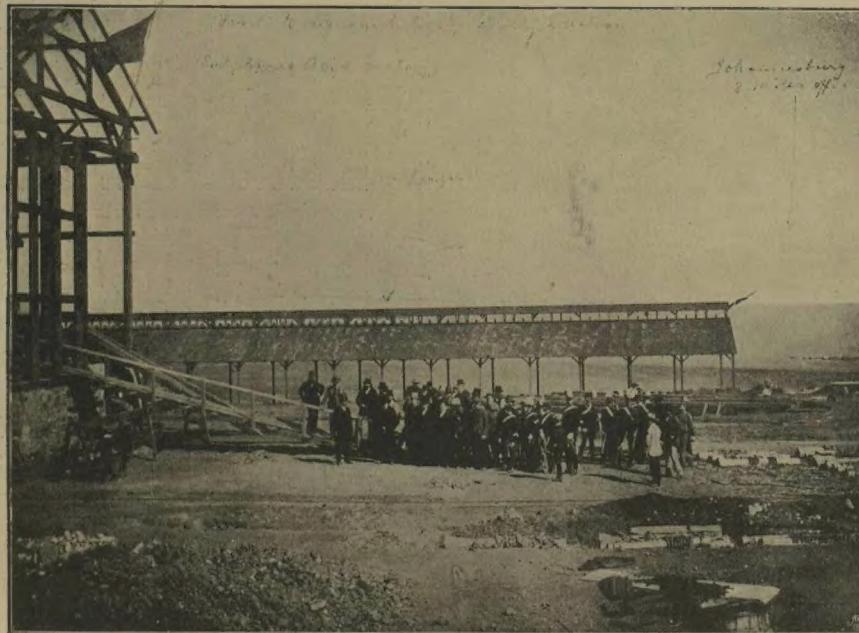
NEWTON HOUSE (FRONT VIEW) WHERE LORD ROBERTS'S FATHER AND MOTHER LIVED, AND WHERE HE SPENT HIS BOYHOOD.

FROM WATERFORD TO PRETORIA: SCENES OF LORD ROBERTS'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

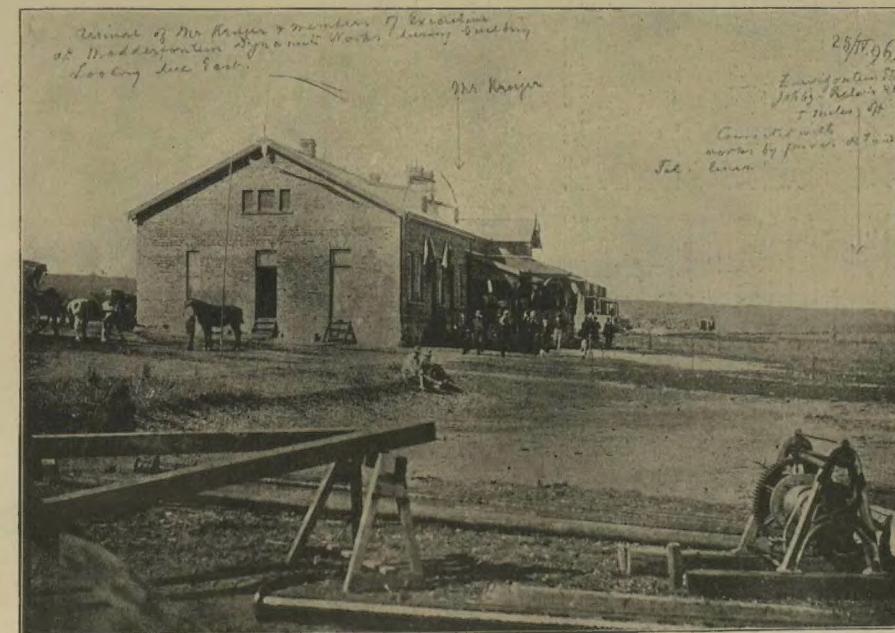


The Dutch Church.

CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE DYNAMITE MONOPOLY: MR. KRUGER INSPECTING THE SULPHURIC-ACID FACTORY IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT THE DYNAMITE-WORKS, NOW UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE DYNAMITE MONOPOLY: MR. KRUGER AND THE EXECUTIVE VISITING THE MODDERFONTEIN DYNAMITE-WORKS, IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRETORIA.

As our Illustration of Pretoria shows, it is a pleasant and open city which the British troops under Lord Roberts have reached after their many weeks on the bare and treeless veldt. Along every street almost there goes a rumble of beautiful clear water, and the abundance of moisture acting on the fertile soil causes a profusion of foliage that will be grateful to our tired soldiers. At the same time it is just as well that our troops have marched into Pretoria during the cold season. For in summer, when rains are constant, the climate is unhealthy for newcomers, the low-lying parts being very marshy and fever-breeding. Until 1891 even the drinking-water was polluted, but in that year an abundant supply was introduced. Pretoria was founded in 1855, and received its name from the then President of the Republic, Martinus Wessels Pretorius. In 1881 it was little more than a large village, but since the development of the gold industry it has greatly increased in size and population. In 1890 the population was over 12,000. When the British force moves from Mafeking on Pretoria, it will pass near Zeerust, of

ANOTHER ISLAND PRISON FOR THE BOERS.
We give three interesting photographs of scenes in the island of Ceylon, where a few thousand Boer prisoners will soon be housed. According to the latest advices, rapid preparation is now being made for the reception of a large number. Diyatalawa is the name of the prison station. The nearest railway station is at Haputale, a pass in the mountains, from which a splendid view over the low-lying country to the south may be obtained; on a fine day you can see the ocean forty miles off. Diyatalawa, being about 4000 ft. above sea-level, is exceedingly healthy, and there need be no apprehension that the Boers will suffer because of the change from their native veldt to Ceylon. They will find at Diyatalawa a splendid grass-growing country, freely sprinkled with kopjes very like their own.

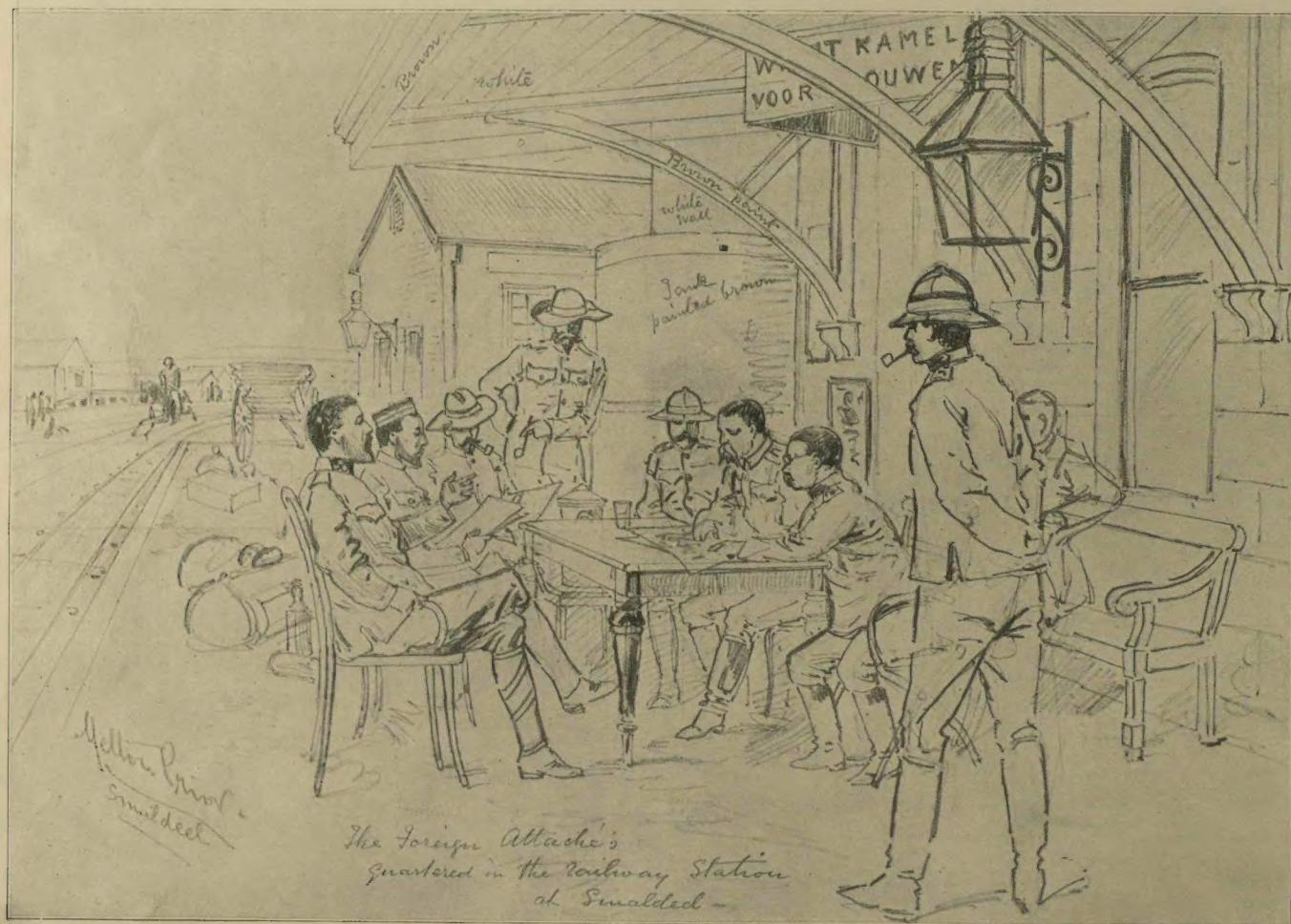
WAR PICTURES.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville's picture called "The Dangers of Mercy" shows us the Indian stretcher-bearer busy at his perilous and kindly task. Not since Mr. Kipling's great ballad of "Gunga Din" has the service rendered by loyal natives to the British soldier been so vividly brought home to us. It is almost impossible to estimate the work done for our men in South Africa by these brave

enthusiasm over the success of Diamond Jubilee was unprecedented—greater, even, in some respects, than when the Prince won his first Derby with Persimmon, who, as all the world knows, is own brother to the victor of May 30 last. The day, although cold and windy, was sunny and bracing, and the crowd was enormous. Diamond Jubilee was exceedingly well ridden by Herbert Jones, who kept his head when his mount was twice bumped by Disguise II., once at the outset and once again when rounding Tattenham Corner.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Our two Illustrations of "The Hare and the Tortoise" (new version) give a very good idea of the scenes that might be witnessed almost everywhere on the Whit-Monday Bank Holiday. On all the roads leading from London motor-cars were raising clouds of dust. As you stood in the lanes leading from the main highways you heard a ceaseless whirr, varied every now and then by a sharp "toot-toot," as the passing motors rang out their warning to slower vehicles and slower pedestrians. It seemed in some cases as if those who "rode steam ironmongery" were deriding their humbler brethren who had to put up with the old familiar Dobbin. But the race, as we know, is not always to the swift. A sudden ominous



THE FOREIGN ATTACHÉS QUARTERED IN THE RAILWAY STATION AT SMALDEEL.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

which we give a pageful of views. Zeerust was occupied by our troops on May 28.

TWO FAMOUS HAMILTONS.

Last week we sketched General Ian Hamilton's career. His colleague, Major-General Bruce Hamilton (who is no relation), is of Irish parentage, his father, General Meade Hamilton, C.B., belonging to that branch of the Irish Hamiltons of whom James Hamilton, first Viscount Claneboye, was the original representative. Bruce Hamilton entered the Army in 1877 as Second Lieutenant in the 16th (East Yorkshire) Regiment, then in India, and has seen service in the Afghan War of 1880; in the Boer War of 1881, under his brother-in-law, Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, who appointed him A.D.C.; in the Burmese Expedition of 1885; in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96, when he was Adjutant of the Composite Battalion, and received a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel; and in the Benin Expedition, 1897, as commander of the military contingent, receiving a brevet Colonel. When the Boer War broke out, General Clery applied for Colonel Bruce Hamilton as A.A.G. to the Second Division. He was wounded at Venter's Spruit, Jan. 20, but rejoined shortly, and resuming his appointment, he served under General Lyttelton in the operations resulting in the relief of Ladysmith. After that event Colonel Bruce Hamilton was given the command of the 21st Brigade (with local rank of Major-General) in the force serving under Lord Roberts.

non-combatants, dusky without, but "real white inside." Sir George White, in a recent speech, bore eloquent testimony to their calm self-sacrifice on behalf of the British soldier. Across great stretches of plain swept by the bullets of the enemy, the Indian ambulance-men walk coolly to the rescue, bringing water for the parched lips of our wounded and dying. They bandage their wounds and carry them back through the deadly storm, not seldom falling dead themselves by the way. Mr. Woodville's other fine picture, "The Imperial Yeoman's Last Ride," will touch a chord in the hearts of all. For the Yeomen are not soldiers by profession, but men from our midst who heard their country's call and heeded it. From Mr. Prior come pictures of the Langman Hospital at Bloemfontein and the foreign attaches in their quarters at Smaldeel.

THE PRINCE'S DERBY.

By a happy coincidence the Prince of Wales won the Derby for the second time on the very day that President Kruger fled from Pretoria. It seemed at one time, indeed, as if the enemy's capital had actually been taken on that auspicious day. But, although we did not actually enter Pretoria on Derby Day, it was then that the state of panic first began among the Boers which has rendered Lord Roberts's occupation of the city comparatively easy; so that the victory of the Heir to the Empire could not have happened at a happier time than when the Imperial forces were sweeping all before them in South Africa. For that reason the popular

hiss would be heard, and the giddy motor, that had been rushing along at a rate of eight or twelve miles an hour, would come to an ignominious stand-still in the nearest ditch. And then it was the turn of the steady old joggotters to indulge in the derisive laugh. Our Artist has hit off the situation to the life in his contrasted pictures.

THE SOVEREIGN'S PALACE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The French Government has been at great pains to make such royal visitors as may come to the Exhibition exceedingly comfortable. They have rented the house which the late Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist of Paris, left by his will to the city of Philadelphia, and this they have converted into a charming residence for their royal guests. The house possesses a historical interest, for it was there that the Empress Eugénie found a night's shelter after her hurried flight from the Tuilleries. It is charmingly situated in the midst of its own grounds, in the space between the Bois de Boulogne and the Rue de la Pompe. The exterior is unpretentious, but the interior is fitted up most lavishly. On the ground-floor are the dining-room and a splendid smoking-room, the walls of the latter adorned with two fine Beauvais tapestries belonging to the eighteenth century. On the first floor is the royal bedroom, which is fitted up in the style of the Empire. On the second floor are the rooms apportioned to the French officers deputed to attend the royal visitors.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery sent a greeting to the *Western Daily Mercury* on the fortieth anniversary of its birth. He did not simply say, "Many happy returns," but entered into an impressive sketch of the responsibilities resting on the Liberal Party. This was taken to mean an admission of his own responsibilities in the way of leadership, but it is now explained in the *Times*, evidently at Lord Rosebery's request, that he meant nothing of the kind. This should be a warning against the use of rhetoric in birthday congratulations. The safest thing is to send a sixpenny telegram.

Dissolution rumours are still rife. One argument for an early dissolution is that it will dispel the obstinate belief in Mr. Kruger's mind that a change of Government in England would be helpful to him. There will be no change of Government, and, even if there were, it would not be of the smallest advantage to Mr. Kruger. His old policy of "waiting for the Opposition" will not save him now.

Universal regret has been expressed for the premature death of Mr. Stephen Crane, who has just passed away at the age of thirty.

Mr. Crane was born in 1870, at Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A. When he was only twenty-three years of age he published a book which attracted the attention of critics the whole world over. That was "The Red Badge of Courage," a marvellous psychological study of a soldier's feelings in battle. The book was the more remarkable because when Mr. Crane wrote it he had never seen a shot fired in anger.

It was the product of an intensely vivid imagination working on facts procured by a close study of military documents. But Mr. Crane was soon to see war in real earnest. He acted as war correspondent in the struggle between Turkey and Greece in 1897, and in the Spanish-American campaign of 1898, and his realistic descriptions were read by thousands in England and America. Besides his journalistic work, Mr. Crane continued to produce books marked by his uncanny power of observation. Among these are "George's Mother," "The Little Regiment," and "The Eternal Patience." While in Cuba Mr. Crane contracted malarial fever, and never really recovered. He died at Badenweiler, in the Black Forest, whither he had been removed in the hope of a change for the better.

This week we publish two reproductions of Academy pictures. One is Mr. Goodall's "The Market Cart: Egypt," which is noticeable for its wonderful clearness of effect. The other is Mr. Gilbert Foster's "A Garden of Lyonesse," a fine realisation of the flower-fields of Scilly.

The Rev. Canon Knox Little, who proceeds unofficially to South Africa to join the forces under Lord Roberts as chaplain, is one of the best known of the clergy. He was born in 1839, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He held successively the positions of assistant master at Sherborne School; curate of Christ Church, Lancaster; curate of Turweston, Buckinghamshire; curate of St. Thomas's, Regent Street; rector of St. Alban's, Cheetwood, Manchester; vicar of Hoar Cross since 1885; and canon of Worcester since 1881. He is the author of a large number of devotional works. Last year he wrote a book of sketches and studies in South Africa.

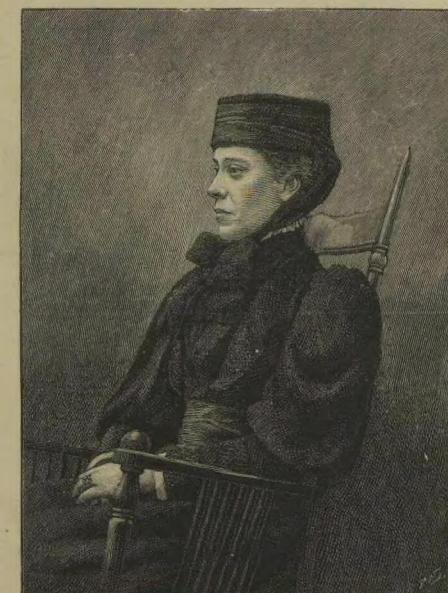
Will the British farmer consent to put the practice of military scouting on a level with that of hunting? He does not object, as a rule, when the hunters ride over his ground, but he seems to object to the scouts. Soldiers are treated as trespassers, although the work of training scouts is of greater importance to the country than the chasing of foxes. Perhaps it would be well for the scouts to persevere, and let the farmer bring actions for trespass. That would have the effect of rousing public opinion.

Mr. Alfred Austin has engaged in an elaborate correspondence with a Scottish gentleman who objects to the terms "England" and "English" when used to denote the United Kingdom and all its inhabitants. It is an old controversy, and will probably continue for ever. The Scottish gentleman should address his remonstrances to foreigners who always say England when they mean to include Scotland and Ireland. No Continental journal ever distinguishes the Scots from the English. This is a lamentable oversight, and a society ought to be established, with branches all over the world, to teach the benighted alien the truth.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Spens, commanding the 2nd Shropshire Regiment, who co-operated so ably with

Major General Bruce Hamilton in the operations before Johannesburg, was born in 1853, and has already seen war service. In 1879-80 he took part in the Afghan Campaign, for his conduct in which he was decorated with the Afghan medal. He obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in 1898. Lieutenant-Colonel Spens is now attached to General Ian Hamilton's Division, and was mentioned by that officer in conjunction with General Bruce Hamilton for his fine handling of the men under Smith-Dorrien's direction.

Miss Mary Kingsley, whose death occurred on June 5 at Simon's Town, was the elder of the two children of the late Dr. George Henry Kingsley, and was the niece of the late Canon Kingsley. From her father, who was a charming writer on travel, Miss Kingsley had inherited her love of little-known lands. She was especially fascinated by the problems of West Africa, and it was her wonderfully able exposition of these that brought her fame. In 1897



THE LATE MISS MARY KINGSLY.

she published "Travels in West Africa," a work which met with a remarkable success, which she herself, however, with the characteristic of genius, regarded as almost a failure. In her later volume, "West African Studies," indeed, she referred to her former effort as a "swamp of a book." Her pages were instinct with personality, and brimful of the most lively humour. While altogether a woman, it was one of Miss Kingsley's amiable whims always to talk of herself as if she belonged to the other sex. "I am not," she said in her introduction to the "West African Studies," "a literary man."

Major James Alexander Orr-Ewing, of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed in the fighting near Winburg, was born in 1857, and was a younger son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1880 joined the 16th Lancers, in which he obtained his company eight years later, and his Majority in 1896. Retiring from the Regular Army with a gratuity, he was gazetted Captain in the Warwickshire Yeomanry in 1898, and it was the South African detachment of this force that he commanded at the time of his death.

From 1885 to 1890 Major Orr-Ewing was A.D.C. to Lord Londonderry during his Lord

Lieutenancy of Ireland, and during 1895-96 he was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Major Orr-Ewing married, in 1898, Lady Margaret Innes-Ker, daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Roxburgh. The late Major Orr-Ewing was a very keen and popular sportsman.

The Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet has survived a determined attack. A French officer sold copies of some secret documents of no importance to a Nationalist journal, which started the cry that the Government was trying to reopen the Dreyfus case. General de Gallifet told the Senate that the officer had been cashiered for "a crime." In the Chamber M. Waldeck-Rousseau stigmatised it as "an act of felony." It seems that a military Minister of War may call an offending soldier a criminal, but a mere civilian Prime Minister must not. So great was the uproar in the Chamber that the sitting had to be suspended. Eventually the Government had a majority of 47, but General Gallifet resigned. He is succeeded by General André, who, of course, is already denounced as a Dreyfusard.

Captain St. John Meyrick, of the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, who was killed on May 30 during

General Ian Hamilton's operations before Johannesburg, was a younger son of Sir Thomas Charlton Meyrick, O.B., of Apley Castle, Shropshire. The late Captain was born in 1866, was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1890 he joined the Gordon Highlanders, having previously passed through the Militia, and in 1897 he obtained his company. For the three years succeeding 1892 he was an extra A.D.C., and from 1893 to 1897 he acted as A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The German military critics do not disguise their admiration of Lord Roberts's generalship. Captain Hoenig, describing the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, says: "This military performance is the greatest in England's history." Some inkling of all this, no doubt, explains the frenzy of the Russian Press.

General Gatacre has reason to appreciate the generosity of his countrymen. On arriving at Colchester to take up the command of the Eastern District, he was received like a conqueror. He has been unfortunate in South Africa, but the thousands who cheered him and strove to shake his hand have none the less regard for him as a gallant soldier. This incident ought to astonish our French neighbours. Imagine the reception that would be accorded to an unsuccessful General in Paris!

The leader of the Kumasi Relief Force, Lieutenant-Colonel James Willcocks, C.M.G., has a long and distinguished record of war service, beginning with the Afghan War of 1879. In 1881 he again saw active service in the Mahsood Wuzree Expedition, and in 1885 he took part in the Soudan Campaign. From 1886 to 1887 he acted in Burma as a transport officer and as head of the Field Commissariat, acting also as Road Commandant. The Chit Lushai Expedition of 1889-90, the Manipur Expedition of 1891, and the campaign on the North-West Frontier of India also found him actively engaged. In the last-named campaign he was Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Tochi Field Forces. During 1897-98 he was on the Niger. Colonel Willcocks has frequently been mentioned in despatches, and for his services in the Burmese Expedition he received the Distinguished Service Order.

Mr. Montagu White, lately the Transvaal Consul-General in this country, informs the American public that the war will go on "until all South Africa is independent." He says the "universal sentiment" is in favour of the Boers, and that it is "growing even in England." This statement shows what little respect Mr. White has for the intelligence of his English friends.

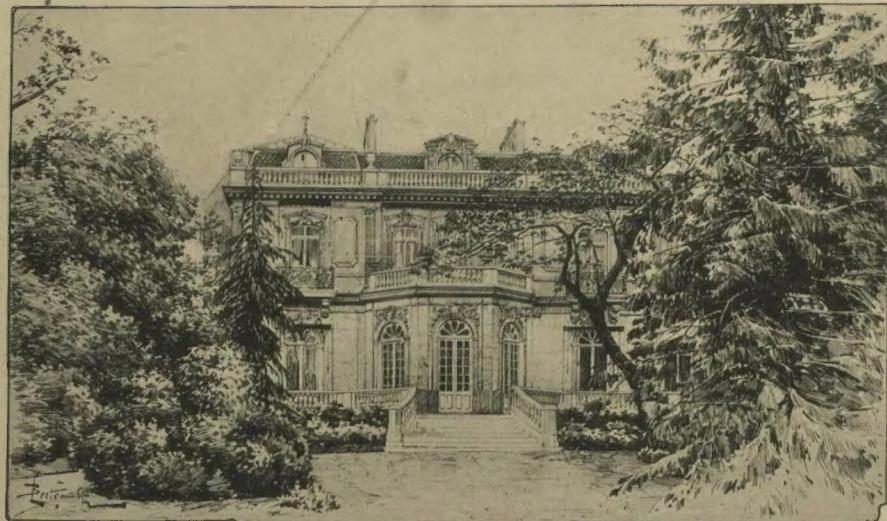
Artistically modelled statuettes in bronze, entitled "The Lord Mayor's Own," representing a City Imperial Volunteer standing at ease, have been placed upon the market by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited. The design has been fully protected and copyrighted, and 10 per cent. of the proceeds from all sales are to be devoted to the war fund. These bronzes are to be followed up by others representing the Imperial Yeomanry, also copyrighted and protected, and can be obtained from the makers or their authorised agents.



THE LATE MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

CAPTAIN ST. JOHN MEYRICK,
1st Gordon Highlanders, Killed near Germiston.THE REV. CANON KNOX LITTLE,
Who Joins Lord Roberts's Force.LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLCOCKS,
Leader of the Kumasi Relief Expedition.MAJOR J. A. ORR-EWING,
Imperial Yeomanry, Killed near Winburg.

AN ABODE FOR KINGS: THE PALACE RESERVED FOR SOVEREIGNS VISITING THE PARIS EXHIBITION



THE FAÇADE OF THE PALACE (FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF DR. EVANS), FROM THE GARDEN.



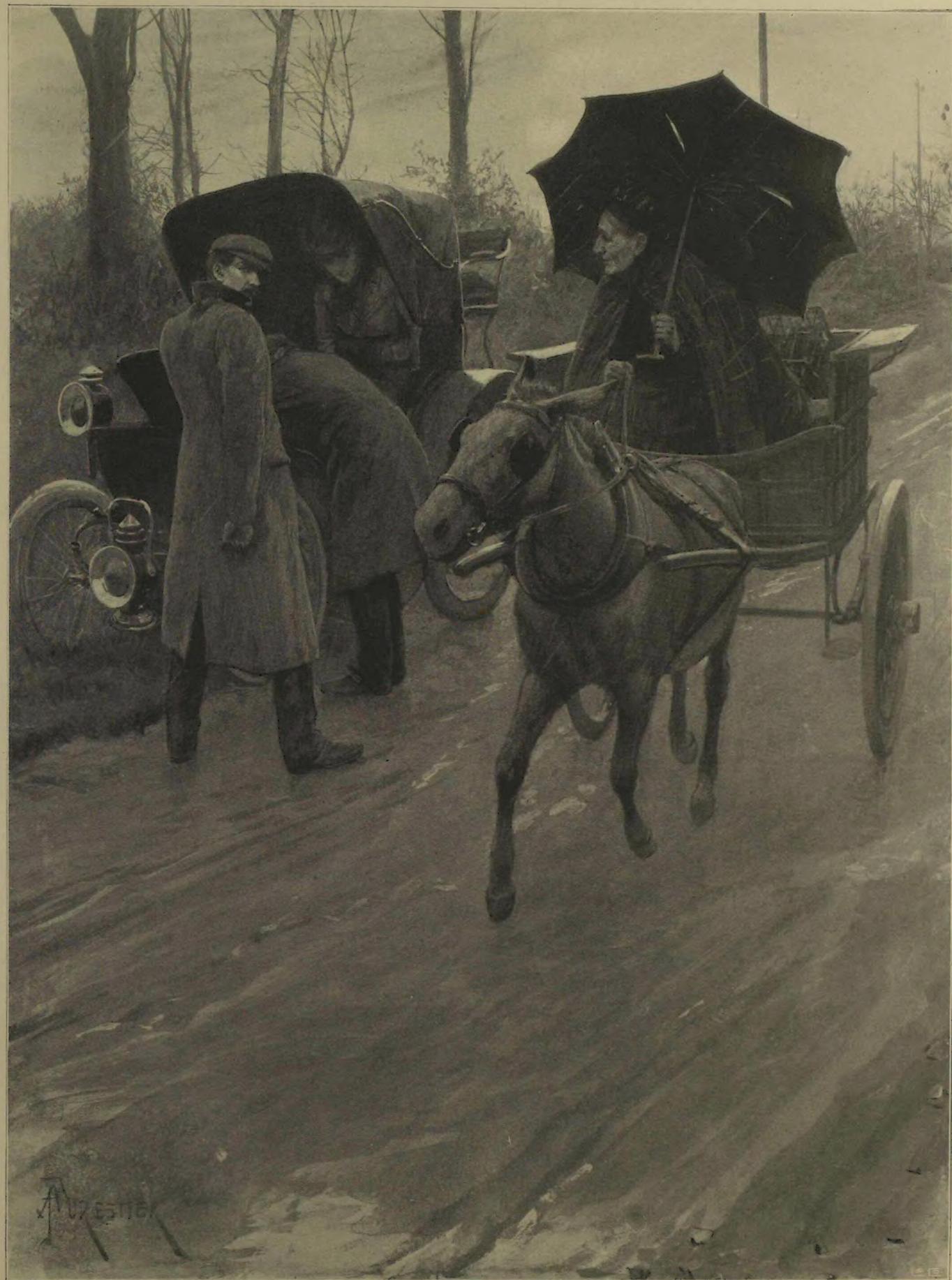
THE BED-ROOM.



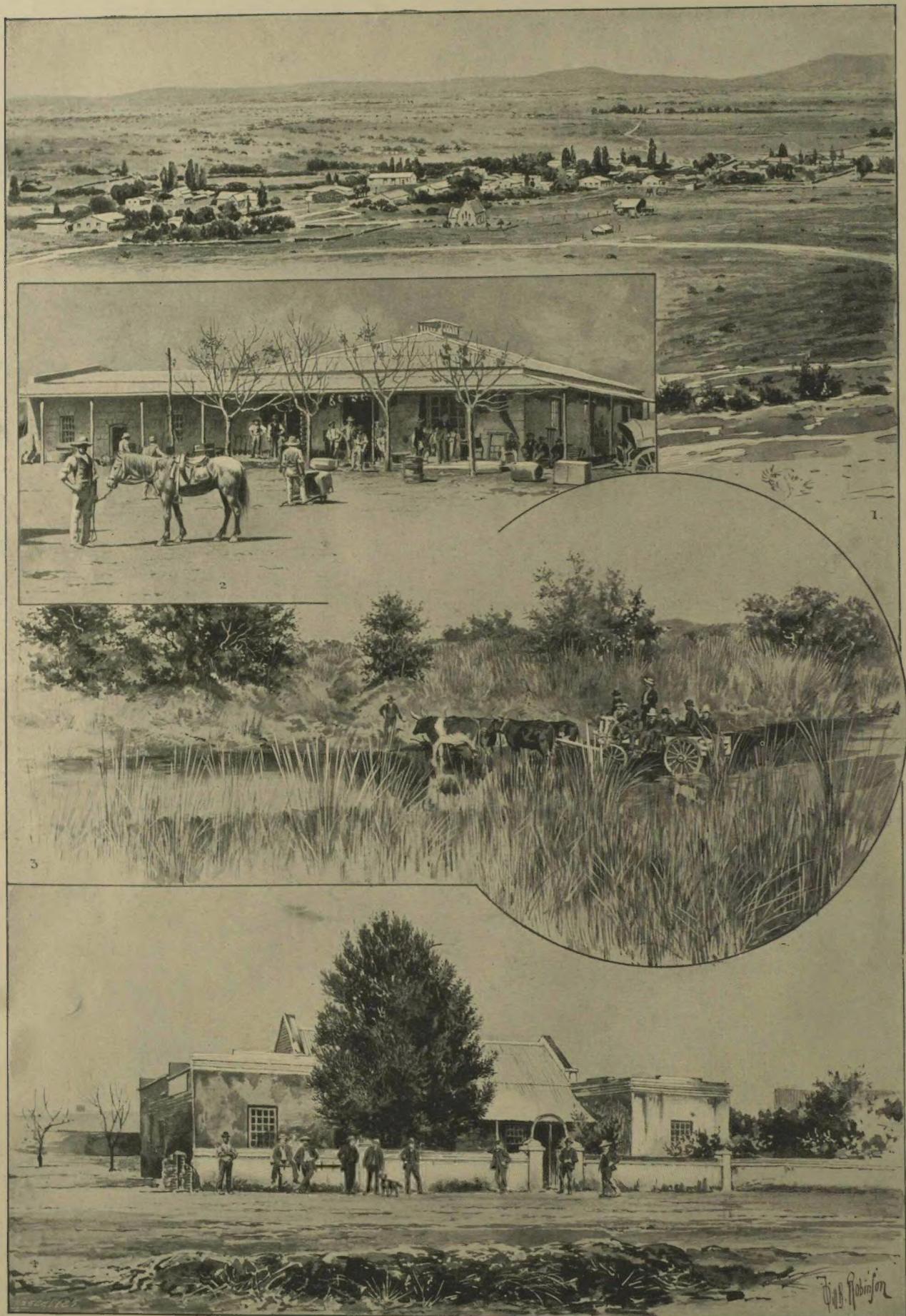
THE DINING-ROOM.



THE SMOKING-ROOM.



"THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE" RETOLD: THE TORTOISE WINS.



1. Zeerust.

2. The largest Store in Zeerust.

3. Drift near Rustenberg.

4. The Marico Hotel in the Main Street, Zeerust.

BRITISH ACTIVITY NEAR MAFEKING: ZEERUST, OCCUPIED ON MAY 28.

Photographs supplied by Miss Wilson.



THE IMPERIAL YEOMAN'S LAST RIDE.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville,

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Shadow of Allah. By Morley Roberts and Max Montesole. (London: John Long.)
John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. (London: William Blackwood and Sons.)
Woman and Artist. By Max O'Rell. (London: Frederick Warne and Co.)
The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe. By Ernest Young. (London: Constable.)
South Africa Past and Present. By Violet R. Markham. (London: Smith Elder and Co.)
The Diary of a Dreamer. By Alice New Smith. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
Requested. By Beatrice Whity. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)
Jew Garrettes. By the Earl of Ellesmere. (London: Heinemann.)

In "The Shadow of Allah," a romance of Palace intrigue, Sarif Ak Karasy, who narrates his adventures in Stamboul, is a proper man, and hero, with an instinct for butchering his enemies that has been unspoiled by five years' residence in Nazareno countries. In Kardash he has a brother who is entirely worthy of him. A suggestive background of high politics is stretched behind the adventures of the two Circassians. Their kinsmen, drenched in hatred of the Muscovite, have come to Stamboul to find a home, and, Inshallah! to refund their extinguished nationality. To acquire knowledge in order to destroy the Muscovite Empire, Sarif travels in Frandjistan, while his kinsmen at Stamboul are to induce the Padishah to enrol them in a body of Circassian guards. When Sarif returns, disillusioned by Western Europe but still dreaming the dream of Circassian nationality, he finds Hassan, the head of his house elevated to the rank of Pasha, in return for which favour he has sent his beautiful daughter Zareefah to the harem of Abdul-Aziz. Sarif and Zareefah have loved each other as children. When Sarif contrives to visit her now, he finds that Zareefah loves him still, with all the passion of a woman. But in his heart is the constant image of Myndell Polonoff. She is the Nazareno star by which he sets his compass in all his enterprises. It is in order to obtain Myndell that Sarif seeks to make use of Zareefah's influence, and she, in jealous counterplot against her rival, throws the weight of it in Sarif's favour. Murad succeeds Abdul-Aziz, to be dethroned in turn when Hamid grasps the sceptre of Ottoman: Such is the historical setting for the surprising adventures of Sarif Ak Karasy. For these, the reader must go to the narrative of Mr. Morley Roberts and Mr. Max Montesole, who employ a style that is nicely adjusted to the action of their story. The historical background is broadly suggested, without insistence on detail. Subtle shades and definitions of character are not obtruded, yet the leading characters live. Kardash especially stands firmly upon his feet. The story has movement throughout. We repeat, "The Shadow of Allah" is a spirited romance, expertly told.

If it must be said of Mrs. Meynell's praiseworthy attempt to make Ruskin's teaching consistent and intelligible, that the task is beyond the writer's capacity, that is no discredit to her. The interpreter is often more obscure than the interpreted, because Mrs. Meynell is no sooner launched upon the explanation of one sublime passage than she remembers another passage equally sublime, but wholly irreconcileable with the first. Again and again she utters a cry of distress. Four chapters are devoted to "Modern Painters," and just when the reader feels that he is completely lost, Mrs. Meynell assures him that she has undertaken "an almost impossible summary." She clings with pathetic tenacity to the belief that Ruskin is a philosopher, through whose writings an increasing purpose runs, whereas the one thing made clear by this book is that he is a poet, an artist, a rhapsodist, an artificer in purple patches, anything and everything except a thinker with a system. Mrs. Meynell struggles against this conclusion. With the utmost gravity, she declares that Ruskin speaks to us "in pure and exact English, and Mill does not"; although she is constantly protesting in horrified parenthesis against the extravagance and inaccuracy of Ruskin's dictio. Only Ruskin could have written that "Truth regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law," a patent absurdity which must have amused Mill as much as it amuses Mrs. Meynell. She is very angry with a reviewer who said that Ruskin wrote "unutterable bosh about art," and then she proceeds to quote her philosopher's dictum that transcendent art in a people implies moral degradation, whereas the absence of art, as in the Scottish peasantry, implies "faith, courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety." "Unutterable bosh" is not "pure and exact English." Mrs. Meynell prefers to say "disastrous exaggeration." She is not partial to the Scottish peasantry. They wear the plaid—an unpardonable crime. "I want such a phrase as Ruskin alone could give me to denounce the hatred of nature and the contempt of life which the plaid could be made to prove." If Carlyle could read this passage, he would give Mrs. Meynell a phrase to be remembered with shivering for the rest of her years. "Contempt of life," as indicated by the plaid, is as grotesque as Ruskin's "infallible moral," which reduces Mrs. Meynell to "despair."

In "Woman and Artist" we have an excellent translation of a novel which has been published simultaneously in French and English. There are a few blemishes. Max O'Rell knows our language too well to suppose that we have such a word as "enthused." The heroine of the story,

indignant at the compliments paid to her dress and her jewels by a "society" reporter, says, "There are no more journalists; there are only *concierges*." "Enthused" belongs to the vocabulary of the American *concierge*. This heroine is a woman of taste and refinement, who is scandalised by the manners of some of her guests, and by the conversation of a French *café-chantant* artist engaged to entertain them. But is she not herself guilty of a breach of manners when she turns fiercely upon this too lively young person, and gives her a broad hint to leave the house by remarking that the cheque will be sent next day? Dora Grantham is the wife of a successful painter and a successful inventor. He invents a shell which is bought by the French Government, and is so elated by his good fortune that he abandons painting and tukes to speculation. So far from delighting in this new and transient wealth, his wife detests it, for it estranges her husband, and exposes her to the attentions of a Russian diplomatist, who is empowered by his Government to buy the wonderful shell. Hence a grievous misunderstanding in the wife's mind as to the husband's good faith. It is not a very novel motive for a plot, and we expected from Max O'Rell rather more insight into character than is illustrated by his first work of fiction. But the story is very pleasantly written (in spite of "enthused," and a deplorable splitting of infinitives), and there is some agreeable and harmless satire on Anglo-Saxon characteristics which the author has studied from his detached point of view.

"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe" is a reprint of a singularly interesting book. It is only a man with a "temperament" who can give vivid sketches of strange places and barbaric lands, for only a man with a "temperament" can be keenly alive to them. And Mr. Young, while serving in the Education Department at Siam, seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the

But it is not very easy for a lady to discuss some of the questions connected with the Kaffir. It might be a good thing if some of our leader-writers in daily papers were made to read Miss Markham.

"The Diary of a Dreamer" is not a novel; it is a collection of fugitive papers in which the author has, at one time or another, set down her impressions of men and things. And she has done this very charmingly: a nice observation, a subtle sense of humour—the sort of humour that sends one off into subdued, appreciative chuckles—and a candid, ingenuous style, combine to make her volume very pleasant reading. What one might call the atmosphere of the book is well maintained; it is full of surprises, but they are all pleasant; throughout there is nothing to offend the palate of the most fastidious. If the writer is ever afflicted with nightmares, she has earned our gratitude by keeping them to herself. Many of the papers bear out their dream-character happily enough, but they are dreams with a certain added tangibility that is commonly lacking in the genuine article. The dream of New Year's Night is perhaps the cleverest, as it is the most dreamlike. The writer is sitting by the fire, and it is almost midnight. When the clock strikes, a neighbour is to send off three rockets: two go off, but with the third she herself is suddenly borne upwards, clinging to the stick, and finds herself presently at rest on a wonderful blue star, which comes gradually nearer to the earth. At a certain elevation she finds that she can see into all the houses quite distinctly. "At the same time I heard a great rustling—like the sound in St James's Hall when everyone turns over a page of the book at the same time. 'They are turning over new leaves,' I cried, as with a thrill of excitement I caught sight of a flashing of white pages that was making a sort of white flicker all over the town, 'Let me go and turn over my own before it is too late.'" Like the "Walrus and the Carpenter" in conversation, this book treats of many things: of the house, the world of nature, the small boy, the electrician, and the plumber. Even for this much-abused man the writer has a good word: she has found him "content, if you give him a candle and a dark corner, to plumb quietly and patiently for hours without anyone being the worse."

"Bequeathed" is a story over which the reader is apt to wax impatient, because after the first few chapters, the end is always in sight, and we know it to be inevitable. Lettice will marry Tempest, and no other: she was obviously born for that purpose. But the end must not come too soon, so an irrelevant lover is introduced; but we know all along that he is only a buffer created to put off time, and that when a few chapters have been devoted to the havoc which, after the manner of his kind, he works in the heroine's life, he will be allowed to drop into a timely oblivion. Miss Whity is a writer who combines real talent with considerable literary skill, and yet in this volume she has somehow missed the mark: it is also obvious, so apparent even to the veriest dullard. "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," had well-merited success, and it is still Miss Whity's high-water mark; she has not touched it since. Mary Fenwick was well enough in her

way, only it was a very sleepy way, and her waking incredibly slow; but one Mary Fenwick was quite sufficient. Miss Whity has apparently got into a groove, and Lettice is another Mary; the last page is almost reached before she discovers that she loves Richard Tempest. Of course, in the present instance, they are not married at the outset, and that does make a little difference. But Miss Whity would do well to vary the type.

Was it not Macaulay who said that a titled author was deserving of respect if only because, eminence being already his, he stepped into the literary arena and tried to win further laurels for his name? It seemed to Macaulay that was very commendable, no matter how mediocre the nobleman's work in reality was. Perhaps it may be so. And, if it be so, no doubt Lord Ellesmere's work is very commendable. Written by any other "literary person" it would hardly be likely to set the Thames on fire. But it is a very fair specimen of the average novel, none the less. There is some freshness in the plot, although it seems very improbable; and his Lordship's work possesses the great merit of being very easily read. You can see very well that Lord Ellesmere has not "agonised in thought," as one is told some very serious authors do, in order to get his copy. On the whole, it is not a bad book to spend an hour over. If you spent two, one of them would be wasted.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Faces in the Night. Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann.)
For a Home and Happy Home. Roger Hazeard. (Longmans.)
Laurel and Mr. Lewisham. H. G. Wells. (Harpers.)
Cressida. K. Douglas King. (Lane.)
Nude Souls. Benjamin Swift. (Heinemann.)
The Sword of the King. Ronald Macdonald. (Murray.)
Mr. Chancery Stove. Clive Phillips-Wolley-Smith. (Ld.)
A Treasury of Canadian Verse. Selected and Ed. by T. H. Land. (Dent.)
In Birdland with Field-Glass and Camera. Oliver G. Pike. (Fisher Unwin.)
War and Labour. Michael Anitschkow. (Constable.)
The Unknown. Camille Flammarion. (Harpers.)
Tschitschibinsky. Rosa Newmarch. (Grant Richards.)
All About Ings. Charles Henry Lane. (Lane.)



SIAMESE BOYS GAMBLING ON FIGHTING-FISH.

From "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe," by permission of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.



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THE MARKET-CART: EGYPT.—FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.



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A GARDEN OF LYONESSE.—GILBERT FOSTER.



NATIVE TOMBS ON THE ROAD APPROACHING DIYATALAWA.



HAPUTALE BAZAAR AND RAILWAY STATION, 4800 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



HAPUTALE VILLAGE: THE MARKET AND POST-OFFICE FOR DIYATALAWA.

ANOTHER ISLAND PRISON FOR THE BOERS: DIYATALAWA, Ceylon.

Photographs by the Rev. J. W. Full.



PRETORIA: A GENERAL VIEW.



"The Langman Hospital
in the grounds of the Ramblers' Club
Bloemfontein."

THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL IN THE GROUNDS OF THE RAMBLERS' CLUB, BLOEMFONTEIN.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE PRINCE'S SECOND DERBY: ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER.

The Prince of Wales won the Derby with Diamond Jubilee on May 30.



HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT PRETORIA.

THE TWO HAMILTONS WITH ROBERTS IN THE TRANSVAAL.



GENERAL IAN STANDISH MONTEITH HAMILTON, C.B., D.S.O.,
Commanding the Mounted Infantry Division in the Advance on Johannesburg.
From a photograph by J. S. Sargent, R.A., in the New Gallery.



MAJOR-GENERAL BRUCE MEADE HAMILTON.
Specially commended by General Ian Hamilton for his handling of the men under Smith-Dorrien's direction in the fighting before Johannesburg.
Major-General Bruce Hamilton is no relation to General Ian Hamilton, to whose Division he is attached.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It was good as said last week that the Dreyfus case threatened to crop up again with a vengeance, and the thing has come to pass. Owing to the Whitsun holidays I am writing too early to be able to take a careful survey of the whole field of the coming battle, but the first effect of the preliminary skirmishes is the resignation of the ablest and most conscientious War Minister the Republic has had since the retirement of General du Barail—namely, General Marquis de Gallifet. Short of writing the biographies of these two brilliant soldiers, I could not point out the difference between them, for that difference lies by no means on the surface; but I feel confident that, in spite of their equally aristocratic parentage, Gallifet was even more fit than Barail to take office under a Republican régime; and as such, I regard the disappearance of the former as nothing short of a calamity at the present moment. I know nothing of M. de Gallifet's successor, General André, though he was at one time the Director of the École Polytechnique, and the fact of my not knowing him does not argue myself unknown. I doubt whether many people are much wiser than I am on that head, yet at no period of her existence stood the Third Republic in greater need of a soldier whose name is a household word than at the actual moment; and Gallifet is that soldier.

This does not mean that France stands in danger from without. It is the knowledge of her security in that respect which makes some of her sons so little alive to the possible danger from within; for, to be frank, all this so-called constitutional agitation strikes the most observant as the prologue to another cataclysm which, when it comes, will bring about temporary anarchy, and end, as anarchy invariably does, in a dictatorship. It need not necessarily be a military dictatorship, for Gambetta, civilian though he was, was for five months as much of a dictator as was General Bonaparte after Brumaire. In the present instance, however, it is likely to be a military dictatorship without a dictator of the Corsican's astounding genius. The Dreyfus case, whatever it may have been during the years 1898-99—i.e., up to the trial at Rennes—is now only a mere pretext for overthrowing the institutions of the country by that curious and hybrid amalgam called the Nationalists. The reader must be content with hints, and remembering, as he no doubt will, that I have never held, and am not likely to hold, a brief for Republican institutions in the abstract or for the Third Republic in the concrete, he will not tax me with undue exaggeration in what follows. The Republic is not altogether to blame for the later developments of the Dreyfus affair—at any rate, after the unhappy man's dispatch to the Ile du Diable. The Republic as well as he were the victims of that régime of the sword against the arbitrary and high-handed proceedings of which Republicans have ever fought since the great Revolution; for Republicans of the genuine type maintain, and maintain rightly, that an army and its chiefs are intended to defend a country and a nation, and not to rule them. Gallifet, in spite of his associations with the Second Empire, under which he obtained all his grades but the very last, is of that opinion; at the same time, he would not allow a return to the Jacobinism which arrogated to the civil element the power of interfering with the inner working of the army. Between these two principles or claims he was almost certain to come to the ground, for patience is not his besetting virtue; and, if it were, the two contending factions are sufficient to try that of an angel.

At present the coast seems clear to the Nationalists, for neither General André nor the Ministry whose latest recruit he is bids fair to last long. And what then? About eighteen months ago a Republican, and a very intelligent one to boot, delivered himself to me as follows: "If the Imperialists or Monarchists want a change of régime, let them fight for it. Let them fight for it as our grandfathers fought the Royalist émigrés, their grandfathers; as the Imperialists fought the Republicans of 1848 and during the December days of 1851; as the Communists fought the freshly established Republic, or what went by the name." In spite of his great intelligence, I do not think that he was serious at the time, and I feel almost confident that he did not expect me to take him au sérieux; for eighteen months ago both of us knew very well that neither the Imperialists nor Monarchists could fight if they would, for want of that "one regiment" which the late Prince Jérôme Bonaparte declared to be indispensable to open the dance with. That "single regiment" could not be organised beyond the French borders if there were untold wealth at the disposal of the world-be organisers. It is the story of the fulcrum and the lever of Archimedes over again. Where could the force foregather in the first instance? No European Power would allow it to make a rendezvous of its territory.

Eighteen months ago there were, as there are now, hundreds of Monarchists and Imperialists scattered among the rank and file of the French army; the difficulty was to gather them into a whole wherewithal to strike a blow for this or that pretender. I am not in the secrets of the Nationalists, but their arrogant attitude at the present moment would lead one to suspect that they have solved the difficulty, or fancy they could do so. Is it General Mercier and his adherents who have accomplished the thing, and is the new dictatorship to be inaugurated by him? I cannot say, but it would, indeed, be too ridiculous. Boulanger would have been bad enough, but Mercier would really be unvarnished extravaganza. Of course, he would not last a month, and would be succeeded by another General; and thus there would be opened an era of pronunciamientos, and we all know what an era of pronunciamientos has done for Spain. And although such a conclusion—or, rather, want of conclusion—was long ago predicted for France, not her worst enemies would care to see the prediction fulfilled. No man worthy of the name, and with his heart in the right place, forgets the country where the happiest years of his life were spent. This is my case, and that is why I so sincerely regret Gallifet's resignation.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A. WATSON (Salisbury).—Your "cook" might have been all right had No. 227 been in three moves. Unfortunately for the trouble you have taken, it is a two-mover.

S. P. FAWCETT (Bomby).—Problem to hand, with thanks.

F. R. GITTINS (Birmingham).—A pretty compliment, no doubt, but we should think more difficult than the event it is intended to celebrate.

A. LILRE (Cambridge).—The City of London Chess Club, Grocers' Hall Court, E.C., would probably suit you. We know of nothing to meet your wishes in the other matter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2220 and 2221 received from C. A. M. PENNANT; of No. 2222 from W. F. H. CARVELL (Charlottetown, Canada); of No. 2223 from G. DEVEREUX (Farnham); Mr. G. H. COOPER, Mr. W. F. H. CARVELL; of No. 2224 from C. E. H. CLIFTON (Colchester); Colonel ADOLF GRAMMER (Hungary); David ANTONIUS (Trieste); Captain J. A. CHALLACE (Great Yarmouth); Lyka KUKA (Prague); and J. BAILEY (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2227 received from C. E. FERGUSON; W. H. SULK (Moseley); C. E. H. CLIFTON; Reginald Gordon (Kensington); H. C. JELLINE (Loseley); R. WOTTERS (Canterbury); F. DALBY; H. MEAKIN (Nantwich); Blair H. COCHRANE (Hartlepool); R. W. BOWYER (Hailsham); T. G. WARE; F. B. WORTHING; Edith COOPER; F. M. MOORE (Brighton); F. R. FECKERING (Forest Hill); T. ROBERTS; F. GRIBSHAM (Bournemouth); Henry A. DONOVAN (Luton); W. A. LILRE (Cambridge); Mr. SHAW (London); F. J. SPURGEON (London); R. NELSON (Southwark); W. D. A. BURROUD (Uppington); F. J. SPURGEON (Hampstead); H. LE JEUNE; H. S. BURNEATH; G. STYLINGFIELD (Johnson) (Coham); Alpha; Emma STEAD (Bromsgrove); Edward J. SHARPE; T. COLIDGE (Halliburton (Edinburgh)); T. SMITH (Brighton); Henry A. EVANS, Rev. A. MAYA (Bedford); Charles BURNETT; Mrs. WILSON (Plymouth); and W. P. K. CLIFTON.

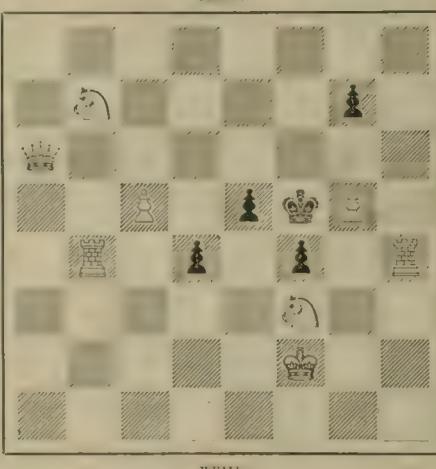
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2225.—By C. W. SUNBURY.

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to K 7th	P to Q 4th
2. Q to K B 4th (ch)	K takes Q
3. R takes K	

If Black play 1. B to Q 5th to R 6th, then 2. Q to K B 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM NO. 2226.—By PERCY BRALEY.

BLACK



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between the Chess Clubs of Moscow and Riga.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Moscow). BLACK (Riga).

1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to B 4th	

The Vienna opening has become something diversified. After 3. P to K B 4th, White always plays 4. Kt to K B 3rd, Black to Q B 3rd, and this game is certainly no exception to the rule.

4. P to Q 5th	
5. P takes K P	Kt takes P
6. Q to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th
7. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd

The strong Queen's side attack which Black arranges by this and his eighth move is worth noting. No time is given for one general retrospective reply when the pressure is applied.

8. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q Kt 5th
9. Kt to Q 5th	P to B 4th
10. Kt to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd

11. P takes P White has a winning attack by 10. Q to B 6th (ch), etc.

12. Kt takes P White has a winning attack by 10. Q to B 6th (ch), etc.	P to B 4th
13. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd

14. P to Kt 6th (ch) Kt to B 3rd

15. Kt takes Kt White wins.

The usual move is K to B 2nd. If K to K 5th, White's attack is destroyed by 1 to Q B 4th, P to K B 3rd, Kt to K 5th, etc.

5. Kt takes P B to K 2nd

6. B takes Kt B to K 3rd

7. Kt to B 3rd Castles

8. P to Q B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd

9. B to Q 3rd B to K 2nd

10. P to K 2nd Kt to Q 2nd

11. Kt to K 5th

Threatening Kt takes R P. If K takes Kt, Kt takes Kt (ch) would win.

12. P to Kt 3rd Kt to K 2nd

13. Q to Kt 4th

Time is lost by such a move, and Black replies with a move which strengthens him. 13. Kt takes R P. K takes Kt; 14. P to B 3rd gives promise of a fine attack.

15. P to Kt 4th

16. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd

To prevent the threatened 15. Kt takes K P (ch), P takes Kt; 16. Kt to Q 6th, etc.

The Ladies' Chess Club held its annual general meeting at the new premises, 18A, Clifford Street, New Bond Street, the chair being taken by Mrs. Athelrey Jones, one of the vice-presidents. The hon. secretary, Mrs. Bowles, and the match captain, Miss Fox, reported a successful year's work. Lady Newnes having resigned the presidency, and Mrs. Bowles the honorary secretarialship, Mrs. Bowles was elected president and Mrs. Reddin 1st vice-president.

THE ENDINGS OF OUR PLAYS.

If there is one thing in which, as a nation, we are more hopelessly Philistine than another it is in the matter of the ending of our plays. Two things we do understand, and understand so thoroughly that they are the undoing of everything else. These two are wedding bells in modern plays, and death in "classical" tragedy. The one, indeed, seems to be as absolutely essential as the other; for, according to the dictum of the public—and everybody knows that "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give"—the lovers must live happily ever after in your modern drama, just as, in accordance with the tenets of the highest tragedy, they must both be left lying dead upon the floor, with as many of the other incidental characters as the dramatist can conveniently arrange to polish off, or else the real "leading pair" must die "on" and the more subordinate "off" the stage, as the players have it.

That this latter statement is true—is so true that it may be laid down as a canon of dramatic writing in the highest—the reader need consider only for a moment the classical tragedies which have survived. Shakespeare naturally takes the first consideration. Indeed, when the matter is thought of at all, it may be almost unhesitatingly said that at present the poet who "was not for an age but for all time" is the only consideration, although at one time Beaumont and Fletcher were more popular than Shakespeare. Dryden records that in his day two plays of the former were acted for every one by him who is the chief glory, not only of the Elizabethan literature, but of the literature of our country.

That this loathsome statement is impossible to be contravened, consider "Romeo and Juliet," in which both the lovers die "on" the stage, because they are both principal parts, both equally concerned in the working out of the catastrophe which is the subject of the play; "Othello," where the Moor and Desdemona, almost equal partners in the story, also lie stretched in death before the public eye; "Antony and Cleopatra," where, however, the death of the former precedes that of the latter. Consider, too, "Hamlet," in which Ophelia's death is an accident—almost dragged in, in fact, without any apparent reason, and merely in obedience to this inevitable law—while Hamlet falls in the next act to the treachery of Laertes, who, with the King and Queen, also encumbers the stage at the curtain's fall; and "Macbeth," in which, before the final catastrophe is reached, Lady Macbeth has died in obedience to the same law as that which is responsible for the killing of Ophelia, only not by accident, but from an obscure cause, the result, no doubt, of an overstrained nervous system due to her complicity in the murder of Duncan.

Instances of this might be multiplied to any extent, but, as in the case of Mercutio's wound, these are "enough" and "will serve."

That death is no deterrent to the success of these plays under the right conditions, must be ascribed largely to the fact that they are manifestly "unreal" in the sense that the peculiarity of their costumes at once marks them out as being a representation of something that has been, and not as an integral factor of our life, not a show of "the age and body of the time" in which we live. They are, therefore, not an exemplification of conditions appertaining to men and women in whom we can take a more vivid interest, an interest which is paralleled by the avidity with which we seize upon the records of contemporary events, as illustrated by the success of our newspapers, and ignore the even more powerful records of a bygone age.

So great, indeed, is the feeling in favour of what is always known as a "happy ending," that there are at present not a few managers of theatres in the West End of London whose avowed policy is pinned to this single fact, and who, under no conditions whatever, will produce a play which has an unhappy termination. The lovers must be united as they are in the regulation fairy story. Thus they had to be left by the writer of the now defunct three-volume novel, in order that they may live happy ever after, even though the experience of the life of every individual in the audience goes to show that this consumption, so devoutly to be wished, is rarely brought about by the kindly intervention of the marriage service.

Wedding bells must ring—.

The mellow wedding bells,

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells, even though they be "jaangled, out of tune, and harsh," and the scheme of the play be ruined by the "swinging and ringing of the bells, bells, bells."

Wedding bells and death, we understand, but for the rest—But stop. Did not that "epoch-making" play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" succeed? Did it not have a long run? Has it not had several revivals: proof that a play may end fatally and yet be financially successful? True, but one swallow does not make a summer, nor one success tell against a hundred failures. With consummate skill Mr. Pinero arranged his scheme so that the woman around whom the chief interest centred died off the stage, and therefore spared the audience the inevitable shock to their feelings of coming away with the memory of the dead body before them, even though that memory were blurred by the subsequent and inevitable resurrection of the actress in order to bow her acknowledgments of the applause of the "kind friends in front."

What about "Edelweiss" and "Camille," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and a dozen other plays which have been enormous successes, and in which the heroines have died? The captions will inquire. They do not disprove the contention. They prove it. They are French plays, and whatever else the French people may be they are not Philistines when it comes to a question of dramatic art. When we took their plays we had to take the endings of their plays, as with their annexation we practically took the hall-mark of unmeasured success.

Another apparent exception is to be found in the death of the villain, about which no outcry is made. But the villain is the villain, the man to whom punishment must, in accordance with the dictates of justice, no less than of poetic justice, be awarded, and as he has won no sympathy during the course of the "two hours' traffic of the stage," nobody regrets his untimely taking off.

CHESS IN HAVANA.

Game played between Messrs. J. CONZO and A. C. VAZQUEZ.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.). BLACK (Mr. V.)

1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	P takes K P

The usual move is K to B 2nd. White's attack is liable to be broken by 4. P to K B 4th, P to Q B 4th, Kt to K B 3rd, B to Kt 5th, etc.

5. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd
6. B takes Kt	P to Q B 4th
7. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 2nd

8. P to Q B 3rd

9. P to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
10. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd

11. Kt to K 5th

12. Kt takes R P	Kt to K 2nd
13. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K 2nd

14. Kt takes R P White's attack is destroyed by 11. Q to K 5th, P to K 2nd, Kt to K 5th, etc.

15. Castles K R	P to K 2nd
16. P to Q B 5th	P takes K P
17. Kt to Q 6th	B takes Kt
18. Kt takes P (ch)	P to K 2nd
19. Q R to K sq	P to K 2nd

Black turns the tables prettily in this critical situation, and especially forcible is the combination of the two attacks.

20. B takes Q	P takes Q
21. P takes B	P to B 3rd
22. P to Q 5th	B takes P
23. R takes Kt	B to K 3rd
24. R to K 7th	K R to K sq
25. R to B 7th	R to K 7th
26. R to Q 5th	R to K 7th
27. R to K 7th	R to K 7th

Black wins.

WHITE (Mr. V.). BLACK (Mr. C.)

1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	P takes K P

5. Kt takes P B to K 2nd

6. B takes Kt	P to Q B 4th
7. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 2nd

8. P to Q B 3rd

9. P to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
10. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd

11. Kt to K 5th

12. Kt takes R P	Kt to K 2nd
13. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K 2nd

14. Kt takes R P White's attack is given up by 11. P to K 5th, P to K 2nd, Kt to K 5th, etc.

15. Castles K R	P to K 2nd
16. P to Q B 5th	P takes K P
17. Kt to Q 6th	P to K 2nd
18. Kt takes P (ch)	P to K 2nd
19. Q R to K sq	P to K 2nd
20. B to K 5th	P to K 2nd
21. P to K 6th	P to K 2nd
22. P to Q 5th	P to K 2nd
23. R takes Kt	P to K 2nd
24. R to K 7th	P to K 2nd
25. R to B 7th	P to K 2nd
26. R to Q 5th	P to K 2nd
27. R to K 7th	P to K 2nd

White resigns.



THE PORCUPINE.

The brush-tailed variety of porcupine is found in Malaya and Africa.

LADIES' PAGES.

There is no idea, it seems, of holding any "conferences" in connection with the Earl's Court "Woman's Exhibition," but in the Palais des Congrès of the Paris Exposition there will be two such gatherings. The first is to be held from the 19th to the 23rd of June, and if any of my readers wish to attend, they must send ten francs for a ticket to Mme. Légaré, 21, Rue Drouot, Paris. This Congress is under the patronage of the Government, but is organised independently by a committee of ladies who observe that they regard this official recognition as "œuvre de justice et de réparation; pour, malgré le progrès des idées libérales et des principes d'humanité, il restait encore contre la femme de préventions malveillantes et de défenses injustes." The congress is described as on "Woman's Work and Institutions," but the committee are aware that they step outside that limited phrase in their programme, which includes such headings as the following: On Married Women's Property; Equality of Rights of Father and Mother as Guardians of the Children; Ought Women to be the Teachers of Boys? Should the Education of Men and Women be Identical? The Economic Reasons for the Lowness (they call it *l'assilement*) of the Wages of Women; on the Role of Woman in Arts, Sciences, and Literature; on How Practically to Teach all Women the Hygiene of the Family and of Infants, and so forth.

What a charming portrait of the Queen is included in the picture by Mr. S. Begg now being issued from this office in photogravure! The wisdom and benignity of the countenance and the stately pose of the figure are admirably caught as we see "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Seat of War." Always beloved and admired, the Queen has become, during this sad time of war, almost idolised, as the visible and worthy symbol of the Imperial unity of our race, and her great historic figure will be of growing interest to our children and their children's children. This very handsome and interesting picture of Mr. Begg's will, therefore, make a wedding or birthday gift that will bear an ever-increasing value. The plate having been destroyed, no doubt the financial value will rapidly rise, while the artistic value is certain. The photogravure process used resembles a fine steel-plate etching, and it is altogether a picture worthy of any home. The size is (including the mount) 37 in. by 27 in., and the price of the picture is 10s. 6d., or packed and sent by post from 198, Strand, 1s. 6d. more; while it can be had ready framed for guinea, or packed in a box and sent for another two shillings.

There has been some jubilation over the vote of the House of Commons on the question of whether women should be eligible for seats on the new London Borough Councils. By 248 votes against 129, the House decided in favour of women serving on those bodies. But the decision has little importance, for there is no reason in sight why the House of Lords should alter its refusal of last year to allow women to offer themselves for election to these



THE GOWN OF MUSLIN AND LACE.

new boards. If the women's party in the House of Commons had been strong enough then to make a stand, and to insist that the London Local Government Act itself should include a definite clause declaring women eligible for membership of the new Councils, probably the House of Lords would not have thrown out the measure altogether for what is, after all, so small a matter. But women did not find enough support in the House of Commons for that strong stand to be made, and the recent vote, therefore, is of the nature of a mere compliment—not probably a practical thing at all. It is really, however, the public that suffers by the narrowing to one sex of the choice of the persons willing to serve it: there are very few questions that come before a vestry (for that is what the new grandly named bodies still are in fact) on which women have special interests. But women are often capable of doing good, faithful, careful, detailed service to the public, and it seems absurd to shut out any of them who are so willing, and who can secure the confidence in their ability of the electors, from work to which no payment and very little credit will be attached.

There is one matter to which women members of these bodies might be expected and asked to give special attention—namely, the unfair treatment of the female population in the matter of public swimming-baths. Swimming is as healthful an exercise as and as valuable an accomplishment for women as for men, and the very fact that the latter can avail themselves of many lake and river-bank bathing-places from which the former must be debarred, ought to claim more facilities for the females in the baths paid for out of the rates. But there is no London public bath in which anything like fair treatment is accorded to the women swimmers. In the London parish in which I used to live there were two swimming-baths supported by the rates. One was opened to women for three hours only on the most inconvenient of all mornings to the housewife—Saturday—and at the other, two afternoons weekly were set apart on which women were allowed to use the dirty cubicles and small bath of the second class at first-class price! This is quite typical of most public bath arrangements, and now is the season for this matter to be taken in hand.

Speaking of baths reminds me to say how great an addition to the refreshing qualities of the matutinal tub is a small quantity of Cloudy Ammonia. It cleanses the skin without injuring it, for it evaporates from the surface without choking the pores, leaving a delightful sensation of coolness and cleanliness. A small portion in the wash-hand basin, too, is excellent for the complexion; and I know nothing more refreshing, though it is a cheap luxury enough, than a little "Scrub" and a teaspoonful of eau-de-Cologne poured in the hot water for the face at the evening toilet. The same makers have a special soap, too, which they advise to be used with the ammonia.

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"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
"This was a man."—SHAKSPERE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM! LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIALELY MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER-WHERE;



The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

LOVE OF LIFE.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPERS THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB!'"

(Extract of a letter by Lincoln, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood.)

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is human life,
gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and
is gone.

different has it been with the poor fellows in the South African Campaign, where pure water was often too scarce for drinking, and a bath an unattainable luxury. To obviate the danger of drinking from sources of which the purity is doubtful, the Government sent out, on the recommendation of the Army Medical Department, a supply of "Berkfeld Field Service Filters." The filtering medium in these particular filters is a sort of stone called Kieselguhr, a substance which, on account of its enormous porosity, consisting as it does of the silicious skeletons of diatoms, is an ideal filtering medium. The field service form of Berkfeld filter packs in a basket for mule transport; when in use, a tripod stand opens out, and a pump comes into action, forcing the water through the medium, by which it is absolutely freed from disease-bearing germs.

Boas or ruffles of some sort are almost *de rigueur* at the moment. The new chiffon ties or ruffles are most becoming. Their varieties are endless. Most of them come all ready to wear from Paris, and have the indescribable charm of the French taste; they look as if hands had not touched them, and directly they get at all rumpled must be discarded by her who would be—I do not say smart, but decently well dressed—which makes them costly wear. A very lovely one worn at the great bazaar was of white tulle, caught by white roses at the throat, with a few petals apparently fallen from the flowers scattered all the way down. Another was of marabout feathers intermixed with chiffon most cleverly. The Duchess of Marlborough's boa had yellow roses apparently tucked into the folds just near the face. Another fluffy adornment was trimmed with little butterflies in black lace. Another, worn with a transparent lace yoke to the bodice that would else have looked too chilly, was finished both back and front with many graduated lengths of a fringe of white chenille. Some of these arrangements are rather collarettes than mere boas. One such was of a mixture of a coarse guipure and a fine lace. The coarse guipure was laid flatly over white satin to form a little three-cornered back-piece, and the fine lace was gathered in full pleatings round the throat; the lace was worked all over with the narrowest of white ribbon embroideries, and chiffon was mingled with the lace to form long ends. This little fal-lal, if you please, cost ten guineas—so the wearer mentioned. A pretty style is a boa of closely pleated silk muslin, or, more useful and having much the same appearance, soie brillante, with clusters of violets tucked in between each of the frillings. The length that is most fashionable is to just pass the waist, but some are worn to the edge of the gown, and a few are only provided with ends to the bust—but these latter should be avoided, as they have a somewhat *demodé* appearance, having been "in" last season.

Ascot dresses are to be really lovely. To do them justice would demand a whole numberful of description; but I am afraid nobody would read it. Do we take much interest in other people's frocks, save and except as giving us hints and notions for our own? I doubt it. But, for that very personal purpose, descriptions of what is actually



MUSLIN DRESS, TRIMMED WITH LACE AND VELVET RIBBON.

being made by the most exclusive London and Paris modistes are invaluable. Airy lace and muslin confections have the suffrages of the majority of the well-dressed. The combination sounds simple; not so the skill with which the changes are rung on the one scheme. Lace insertions à jour, too, may be said to be a feature of nine out of ten of these race-gowns; but still the diversity is illimitable. All-lace robes are by no means so fashionable as they were last year. Tunics of lace falling over foulard flounce are better patronised, but the more difficult arts of insertions and appliqués have ousted the easily constructed all-lace robes with the best-dressed women. An admixture of colour is held indispensable for good looks by many modistes. Thus, a gown that is almost white is designed for Ascot, with pink satin linings under the snowy silk muslin, just seen as a rosy shade through the open lace insertion that runs round the skirt in three places; a tiny vest of pink is the centre of the bloused bodice, and the top of the sleeve is trimmed with an insertion of lace showing the pink lining. The collar is wired transparent lace only, the sleeves turn back at the elbow with lace over pink, and thence a full pleating of silk muslin falls to the wrist; and, to finish all, a sash of lace at the left side of the front is very narrowly edged with drawn-up pink ribbon ruches. The hat to go with this is white tulle, pink roses, and ostrich plumes. Another charming dress is a Princess shape of lace, on which is appliquéd a design in cream pânné, spotted in heliotrope; the cut at the top is pinfold fashion, and the yoke is of heliotrope crêpe-de-Chine; while shoulder-straps of narrow deep purple velvet ribbon, fastened in the centre with diamond buckles, give a cachet to the whole. Grey voile, inserted with lace over pink, and finished with a pink sash, is simpler, but very smart.

A thin cloth dress will be taken down by every wise woman who goes to spend the entire week at Ascot. Thus the beautiful uncertainty of the English climate is best provided against. Nothing is less becoming than to shiver in muslin in an east wind, or less admirable than to trail a sopping and dishevelled lace or voile gown over wet grass and gravel. Foulard is an excellent "hedge" for those who travel down from town and are not sure of the weather at the moment of starting; it is so obliging that it will appear cool and light if the sun shall blaze, and not lose its self-respect if the rain and the winds do their summer worst. It is also the very height of fashion. It is to be made incrusted or inserted with lace, finished with lace yoke or vest, tucked and corded and pleated, or intermixed with other sorts of silks. The satin-faced variety of foulard is the favourite for a "dressy" gown; the plain surface of other days is now chiefly used for morning dress. Foulard of the plain surface, too, makes that most indispensable of race-garments, a dust-cloak, to perfection. Roman satin and figured taffets also may figure in this guise; and alpaca in the special make for the purpose, thick in substance, and very shiny of surface, will be found as good as anything for ordinary use.

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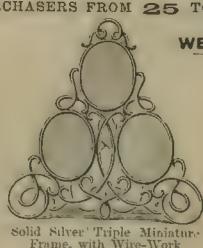
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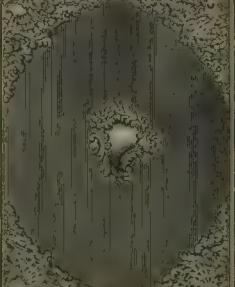
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The Finest Dressing,

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"I am at present trying your 'Harlene' for my hair, and I find it one of the best Hair Tonics and Restorers I have ever used, and I have tried many. Will you kindly send me two more bottles?"

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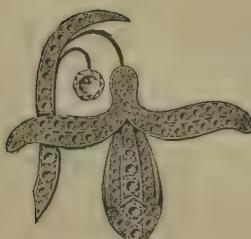
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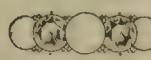
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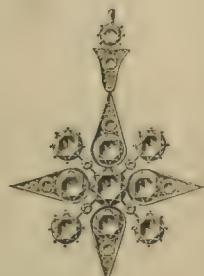
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the estate of Mr. John Andrew Baumbach, of 105, Lancaster Gate, who died intestate on April 13, have been granted to John Godfrey Baumbach, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £119,386.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1898), with a codicil (dated Jan. 20, 1899), of Field-Marshal Sir Donald Martin Stewart Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who died on March 26, was proved on May 26 by Major Sir Walter Kentish William Jenner Bart., and Jeffrey Charles St. Quintin, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £104,519. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; and his furniture and domestic effects, carriages and horses, the money at his bankers, and the income, for life, of his residuary estate to his wife. At her decease he further gives £15,000 each to his daughters, Dora Alice Lady Jenner, Marina Enstace, and Nora Helen Gertrude Murphy; £15,000, upon trust, for his son Norman Robert, for life, and then, as to £6250, for his grandson Douglas Low, and £4375 each for his granddaughters Elsie and Kathleen; his Field-Marshal's baton, medals, and decorations to his said son Norman Robert; £12,000 to his son Donald William; £8000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Pamela May Ross; £1000 to his brother Robert Morrison Stewart; and £1000 each to his sisters Mrs. Black and Mrs. Morrison. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters Lady Jenner and Mrs. Murphy in equal shares.

The will (dated March 17, 1898) of Mr. Daniel Pidgeon, of the Long House, Leatherhead, who died on March 13, was proved on May 23 by Arthur Erdwick Broster, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £100,782. The testator gives £2000 and an annuity of £275 to his sister Anne; £3000 to his niece and nephew Helen and George; £1000 each to his stepsons D. M. and H. P. Russell; £1000 to his godson Godfrey D. Pidgeon; £1000 to his executor; and £500 to Stanley O. Buckmaster. The residue of his



PRESIDENT LOUBET RECEIVING THE DEPUTATION FROM MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED.

A deputation, representing the workmen and inhabitants of the works and village of Port Sunlight, a community of over 2900 people, was received by President Loubet on the occasion of the visit to the Paris Exhibition of some 2000 of Messrs. Lever Brothers' employees, who had been brought over for the day at a cost of £7000. The deputation was announced as "La Députation de Port Sunlight," and the President gave a cordial shake hands with every member, after which the address was inspected and read to President Loubet, who, in the course of his reply, expressed his pleasure in greeting the deputation, and his regret that their visit must be so short. It was through such peaceful manifestations as this that different nations come into close and friendly contact with each other, he said, adding, "If anybody should tell you of any clouds hanging overhead, please do not believe it for there are no clouds of my sort, except in the imagination of some people, but even if there were any clouds, let me assure you that behind these clouds there is no storm, but the bright shining sun."

property he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Jane Mary Pidgeon. He desires his wife to give £1000 each to two London hospitals, and £1000 to the Geological Society.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1899) of Mr. William Smith, J.P., of Bristol, who died on Feb. 16, was proved in London on May 23 by Hardwicke Lloyd Hardwicke, the son-in-law, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £83,797. The testator gives his jewels and trinkets to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Smith; his furniture and household effects to his wife and daughters; and £50, and during the continuance of the trusts of his will £50 per annum,

to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves as to the fifth, upon trust, for his wife for life, another one fifth, upon trust, for her during her widowhood, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his three daughters, Mrs. Effie Margaret Bathe, Mrs. Beatrice Hardwicke, and Mrs. Edith Allbutt.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1897), with three codicils (dated July 21, 1898, Nov. 9, 1899, and Feb. 8, 1900), of Mr. William Duff Bruce, M.I.C.E., of 23, Roland Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 21, was proved on May 25 by Mrs. Susan Herbert Bruce, the widow, Jonathan Angus, and William Capel Slaughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,587. The testator gives £500 and the income of his residuary estate to his wife during her life. Subject thereto, he leaves his property, upon trust, for his three daughters Hester Mary, Susan Maud, and Mary.

The will and one codicil of the Rev. Canon Henry Walford Bellairs, of Apsley Paddox, Summertown, Oxford, who died on April 5, have been proved by one of his sons, Walter Gray Bellairs, and one of his daughters, Constance Maud Bellairs. The gross value of the estate was sworn at £34,954 9d. Subject to a few legacies to his children, the whole of the property was in effect granted to his three unmarried daughters for life, and, after the death of the longest liver of them, to his children and grandchildren.

The will and codicil of Mr. Joseph Milburn, J.P., of Lorraine House, Whitley, Northumberland, and Highfield, Marlborough, Wilts, who died on Jan. 17, were proved at the Newcastle District Registry on April 20 by John Thomas Milburn, the brother, and Charles Henry Leader, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £22,887.

The will (dated July 12, 1899) of Miss Charlotte Eleanor Cooper, of All Saints' House, Colchester, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on May 18 by Douglas Round and John Simmonds, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £22,473. The testatrix gives a piece of land at East Bay, Colchester, with the twelve cottages erected

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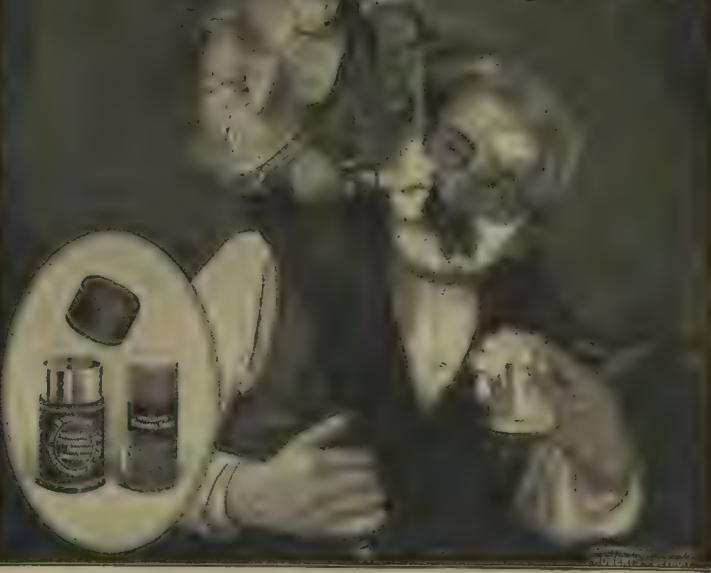
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Adjustable Bath Chair or Spinal Carriage.

thereon, upon trust, to retain the same as almshouses, to be called "Berryfield Cottages," and the sum of £6000 for the endowment and maintenance thereof; a house at Colchester and £2000, upon trust, for St. James's Orphanage, Colchester; £50 each to the Essex and Colchester Hospital and the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, Bath; and many bequests to relatives and others. The residue of her property he leaves to her niece Beatrice Mary Simmonds.

The will of Miss Anne Beale, of 68, Helsizo Road, South Hampstead, who died on April 17, was proved on May 14 by Charles Peters and Thomas Lyle, the executors, the value of the estate being £1691.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1897), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1899), of Mr. Henry Jarvis, of 502, Lordship Lane, Dulwich, who died on April 11, was proved on May 25 by Henry Jarvis, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £20,552. The testator gives £600, upon trust, for his grandchildren Gwendoline and Harold; £300 each to his grandchildren Noel and Edith Selina; £1000 to his granddaughter Maud; £100 to his son George Gray; and his two houses at Grays, Essex, to his son

Henry, he paying £1 per week to his brother George. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Henry.

The will of Mrs. Eleanor McIntyre, of Orchardleigh, The Avenue, Kew, who died on April 1, has been proved by Angus George Milward McIntyre, the son, and Edith Charlotte Louise McIntyre, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £8626.

The will of Mr. William Crafter Perry, of 1, Crown Crescent, Richmond Road, Twickenham, and Waverley, Waldegrave Road, Teddington, who died on Feb. 22, has been proved by Joseph Hills, Walter Benjamin Perry, the son, and Benjamin Burton, the executors, the value of the estate being £13,097.

No wonder President Kruger has been so loth to quit Pretoria. For it was his own creation. It was owing to Kruger's support that Pretorius was able to fix on the place as the site of a capital; two farms were bought, and the town was built. Thus Kruger saw the beginning of the city he has now seen the last of.

ASCOT RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The London and South Western Railway is providing for the comfort of the visitors to Ascot for the races this year even more thoroughly than usual. Special fast trains are announced to run on each of the race-days from Waterloo between 9.30 a.m. and 12.45 p.m. In addition to this service, a cheap third-class train is timed to leave at 8.35 a.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, returning each day from Ascot at 7 p.m. The ordinary trains will not convey horses and carriages, but specials will be provided for the purpose. On all four race-days the same fares will be charged. The fact that the London and South-Western Railway's station at Ascot is but 400 yards from the Grand Stand should also add largely to the company's traffic. On the race-days the excursion tickets to Egham, Virginia Water, Staines, Windsor, Twickenham, Teddington, and Kingston from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and other stations will not be issued.

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It's dainty, fragrant, pure; that's why it's

THE FAVOURITE.

It's a white Soap that floats; just the thing for the bath; that's why it's

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It's easy to handle, and being always in sight, is never forgotten or allowed to waste; that's why it's

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A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

It's made of the purest of fats and vegetable oils; that's why it's

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It yields a rich, fragrant, and soothing lather most refreshing to the cuticle; that's why it's

THE FAVOURITE.

It's an economical soap unexcelled for the bath, and for washing costly fabric; that's why it's

THE FAVOURITE.

IN THE CLOISTERS.

The Musical Festival, which had caused the whole city to hum with unwanted life and gaiety, was over; but the narrow streets, usually so dull and sleepy, were fuller of carriages than on the opening day, and the pavements were crowded with well-dressed people. Groups of clerics from far and near, country folk, clusters of ladies in fashionable silks and laces, and crowds of country people, with all that was best in the musical world, were shaking hands at street-corners, flocking into shops, or dispersing to their homes.

The cathedral was about to close its doors. A few strangers still lingered in the nave gazing stolidly about them. The verger was locking up noisily as a warning to loiterers that the church was closing, and half-a-dozen choir-boys, glad to be off to play, scampered out.

Still a few lingered. A clergyman, obviously a stranger, came from the ambulatory, crossed the transept, traversed the nave, and turning with leisurely step, passed through a narrow doorway out of the cathedral into the cloisters.

He was a youth at one of the outlying churches in the diocese, a man of athletic build, with a face keen and strong, and though young, known already for his scholarship, his zeal, and his piety.

After perambulating the cloisters more than once, he sat on the broad stone sill of one of the arches and looked up at the sunlit spire, his eyes lingering on the Late Norman

tracery in the tower, his hands clasped in the attitude of a man deep in reverie.

But few persons were in the cloisters. A child with her elder sister tripped gaily through. A group of country-folk looked in, stared about uncomfortably, and went out again. The curate still sat there gazing meditatively at the greenward, until he became aware of another presence. In the open arches opposite him he discerned a figure through the antique mullions, clad in a fashionable dress. Her face was upraised in prolonged appreciation of the grandeur of the architecture, which is nowhere more picturesquely than in the view obtainable through the silence and gloom of the cloisters.

But he was intent on the architecture no longer, the strains of Mendelssohn ceased to haunt his ears; all he was aware of now was a keenly human and strangely unaccountable interest in the solitary lady whose face was framed under the trefoils and quatrefoils of the old encrusted tracery. It was her face mingling with the stern shadows and dark mouldings that now made those hoary flowers of blackened stone blossom into new life.

Although unconscious of the interest he took in her, his eyes instinctively followed her as she passed along the cloisters from arch to arch, pausing now and again to contemplate through the lacework of Gothic stone some weather-worn cross or the grotesque fancy which some monkish sculptor had wrought in gargoyle or finial. He watched her pass to the door of the transept. It was

locked. He heard her endeavours upon the clanking iron, heard her light footfalls as she again descended into the cloister and saw her approaching the arcade, where he sat obscure in the shadow.

He rose and went towards her.

"The door by which I entered is locked," she said.

"Will you tell me the way out?"

"Through the south gate," he replied, studying her face attentively. "I will show you. Come."

He took hold of the heavy ring handle and tried to turn the lock. "The gate is closed," he said, "and the other, too. Then I fear—"

"We are not locked in?" she exclaimed anxiously.

"I don't know. I have never been in the cathedral before. I came here to the Festival."

"Oh," she rejoined, "has it not been glorious—superb—magnificent?"

"Superb, you say. Yes, and magnificent. Never have I heard Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' so finely rendered. But one thing was lacking."

"What was that?"

"Devotion, religion, the sense of sacrifice, the presence of the Spirit of God."

"I know your meaning," she responded earnestly. "The monks of old, when they chanted early mass, whilst the common work-day people knelt on the bare stone, remained to pray and to penance, or went to fast—"

"True! And where have all these ticket-holders

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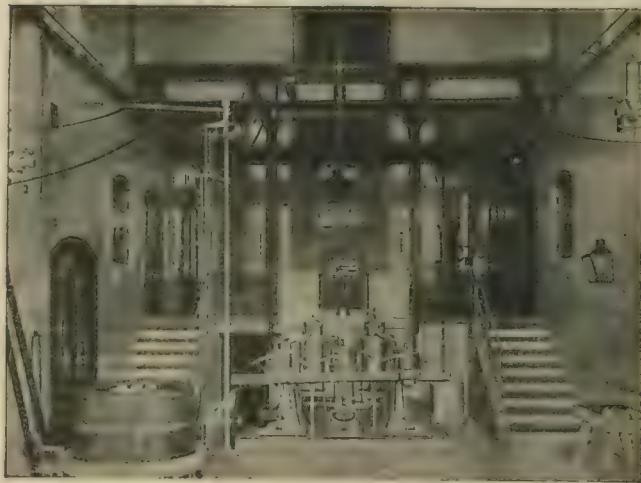
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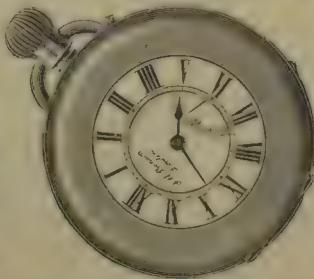
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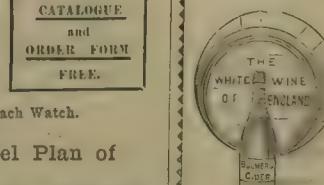
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gone?—to dance and to dine." His lip curled contemptuously.

" Yet, after all, we would not wish the Middle Ages back again," she reflected. "The superstition—the iniquity—"

"I heard her," he continued inconsequently, yet continuing the same thought on another line. "That beautiful soprano! Her voice was like an angel's."

She blushed, and looking round moved uneasily.

"We must find a door," he stammered. "Excuse my—my abrupt confidence. In truth I am under her spell. But listen. I know my folly. Whose is this voice? Her name was in the programme—Luini. It was Luini, a singer probably at the opera; a certain 'draw' with the aid perhaps of a ballet. As likely as not she plays the heroine in 'Don Giovanni'."

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"She does nothing of the kind," said the lady flatly.

"Ha! You know her then?"

"No—yes. At least, that is," she stammered, blushing, "I know something of her."

"I recognise you," he exclaimed suddenly. "Your voice is hers. You are, you must be Luini."

"Be it so," she replied; "but tell me, why are the clergy so hard upon the singer? Do you know what I thought in that old, hallowed choir? As you do. If I could live in an age when we women might be servants of the sanctuary—ordained of the Most High. If I might so devote myself to service—ah! how I could sing then!"

He stood electrified.

"But I am a woman," she added sadly. "I cannot dedicate my life to the Church."

"There is one way," he replied, with quiet emphasis, as he laid his hand on hers. "Believe me there is no

nobler sphere for a good woman. The first lady in the parish has greater scope for influencing the lives of men than the Vicar himself. The career has its humdrum side—Dorcas meetings, parish missions, and afternoon calls—but life is made up of everyday affairs, and a consecrated life is but the ennobling of common things."

"Of what do you speak? I do not understand."

"You heard my declaration. How your voice moved me! I knew not then to whom I spoke. Have I stumbled by good fortune on my destiny? Or rather, let me say it reverently, has the providence of God given your life to me?"

She looked up—looked long into his manly, resolute face. Then she faltered in an agitated voice, "I cannot answer. I cannot think. Take me from here."

"Only to cloister you in my soul," he answered in a fervent whisper, as he drew her to his heart. M. E.



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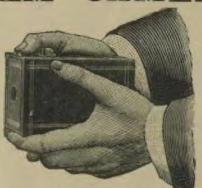
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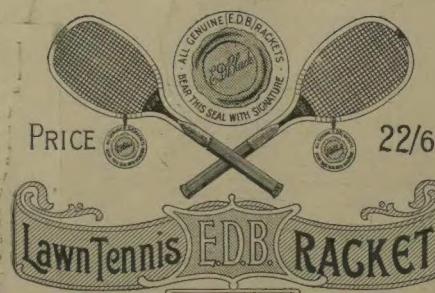
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